

FIFTY CENTS

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TIME

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SCULPTOR TONY SMITH
Art Outgrows the Museum

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WALTER SISSEK

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"I'm a stock broker. Here's one thing every investor should remember about listed stocks."



"There is generally more information available about them—and that's a big plus."

Information of what kind?

"Information that might affect the market value of a stock or influence your investment decision. When a company originally applies for listing on the New York Stock Exchange, it's expected to publicize such information."

Is it mostly a matter of telling the public about the company's profit picture?

"That's an important part of it, but by no means the whole story. Every listed company agrees to put out an annual financial report. These contain such facts and figures as sales, earnings and dividends, and many companies provide management's summary of important developments and plans. Most of them also issue quarterly statements."

What if something big happens in the company?

"Under Exchange policy, they are expected to publicize these matters, and do it promptly. For example, if a company discovers an oil field on its property, or develops an important new product, or changes management—such things could carry a lot of weight with the investor. The whole idea is to help the investor make a well-informed decision."

Suppose the news is unfavorable?

"If it's important, good or bad, the investor is entitled to have it. So it should be publicized."

Just where does a broker fit in as a source of information?

"When you walk into an office of a member firm of the Stock Exchange,

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Send coupon for "STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD" published by the New York Stock Exchange. This 32-page booklet groups by industries more than 1,000 listed stocks. Easy comparison of growth in earnings per share, yield and dividend record. Provides guidelines for wise investing, and describes opportunities for investing in a growing economy.

the broker expects you to ask him for facts. Maybe he has information that has escaped your notice. Or his firm may have done some additional research. The smart investor will ask the broker's opinion of what the information means."

Does all this mean there is little risk when you buy listed stocks?

"On the contrary, every investment has risk, and not every listed stock is for you. The important thing is to use

judgment based on facts. Facts about yourself—how much you can invest after expenses and emergencies; whether your goal is growth, or dividends, or a more conservative approach with bonds. Then facts about companies that interest you.

"Listed stocks do offer many advantages—not only their quality as a group and the information available; but with millions of listed shares changing hands each day, you can usually buy or sell in minutes, at a price close to the last transaction. I think every investor should keep in mind the advantages listed stocks offer."

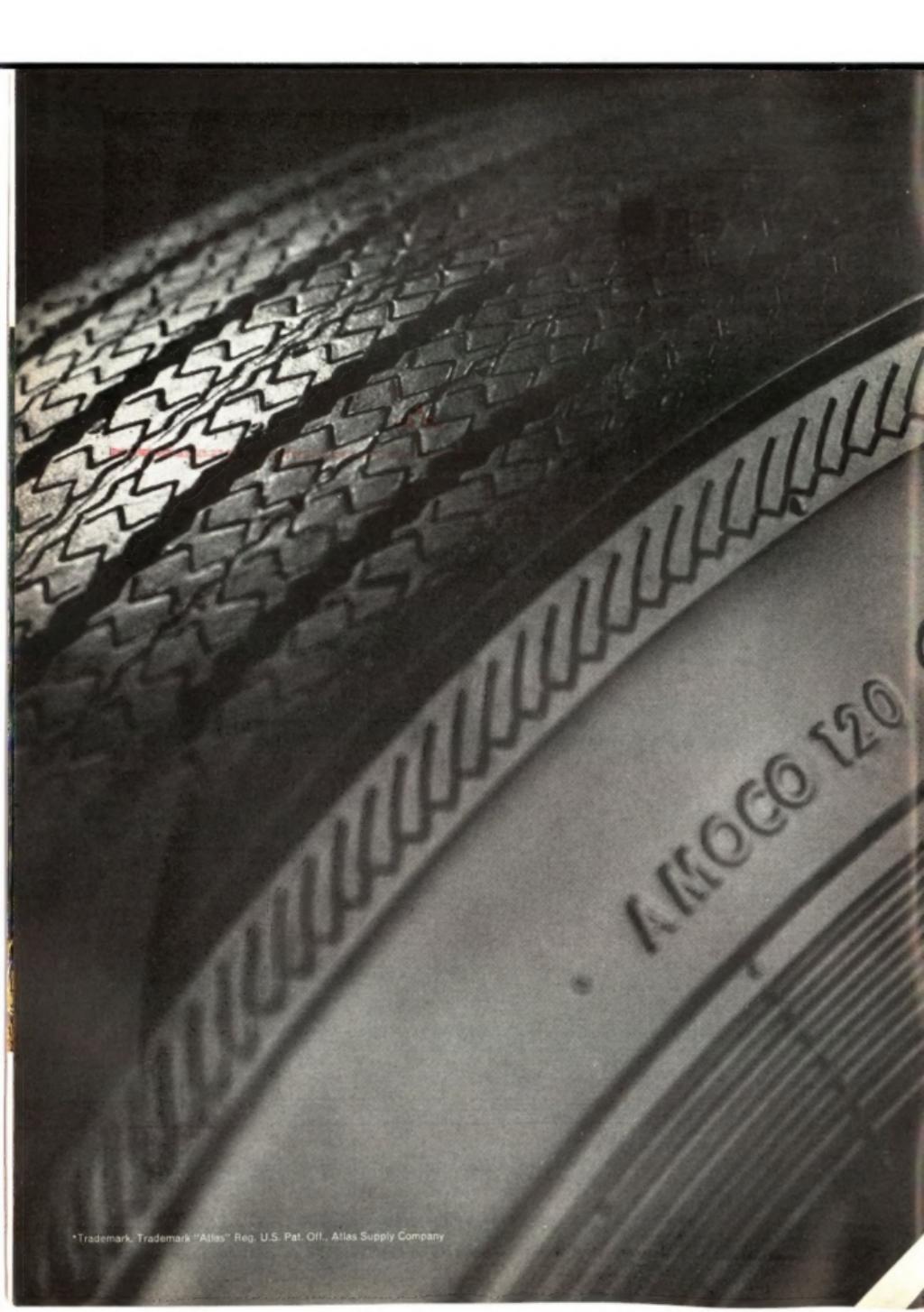
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Sources: Current Simmons, Starch Adnorms.



"Everywhere we looked--hibiscus, casuarinas and the sea.
Good thing our caddy watched the ball." That's Rendezvous Season in Bermuda!

Golfers love Bermuda passionately. But there's so much more to see and do on this beautiful island that thousands of non-golfers also spend the happiest of holidays here!

Bermuda offers 7 magnificent courses, tucked away on an island of only 21 square miles. A Gulf Stream climate makes it perfect for year-round golf. Spry Bermuda turf stays lush and green when snows cover more northern courses.

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Bermuda loves and pampers golfers—but not exclusively. During our celebrated Rendezvous Season (November through February), there's so much to beguile you. Tennis, sailing, fishing, biking down our lovely byways, shopping and sightseeing in ancient towns.

And a weekly programme of special events! Sports, pageantry, social affairs—like our famous Bridge Tournament and

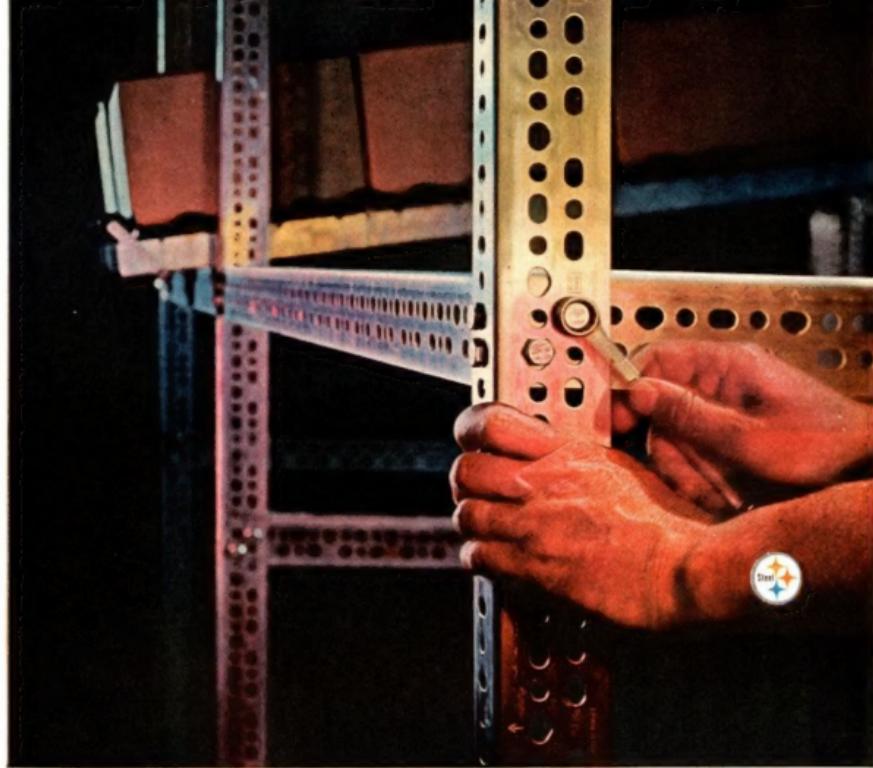


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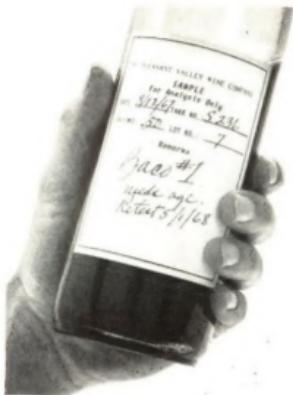
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Six years from now you'll be able to buy a bottle of a very remarkable Great Western wine. Right now you can taste it in a rather unusual Burgundy.

Our winemaker smiles when he hears the word "Baco." It's the name of a grape we've started to grow at Great Western.

Although Baco's our winemaker's baby right now, it was our managing director who first found Baco fifteen years ago when Baco was just ten years old. Baco was born in France. His father was a French grape used freely in Cognacs, his mother was American. Baco's name came from his matchmaker, a M. Maurice Baco, the man who developed the grape.

For a while, Baco stayed in our director's backyard. Growing along with other types of grapes our director tinkers with on the weekends to see what wines they will make. Two Septembers ago, he pressed and aged the first wine from Baco. This French-American grape had made a wine unlike any French or American wine. Its deep ruby color belied its light dryness. It had a taste that made the tongue contract and then relax rather nicely.

From that day on, Baco's been grown on our hills at Great Western. And, although Baco's a fast-growing grape (one man has clocked Baco's vine at growing an inch a day), it can't grow fast enough for our winemaker.

All the Baco we're growing right now is needed for the blend for our

Burgundy...to make it more of a Burgundy than ever before. This year, Baco's one half of our Burgundy. Next year, we'll raise it to sixty percent of the blend. And we'll keep going higher with more and more Baco until our Burgundy has all the bouquet, body and dryness we think a Burgundy should have.

When that day comes, and it could be six years from now, we'll be growing enough Baco to make two new wines. A Great Western Burgundy that's more of a Burgundy and a Great Western

Baco that's Baco alone.

As long as we've been in the business, and that's over a century now, we've been trying out new grapes...seeing what they'll do to the wines we have, tasting the new wines they'll make. Of the five grapes used in our first bottle of Great Western champagne, only one is still left in the blend. And, just as it's done since 1867, our champagne is still winning medals in Europe. A few years ago, three grapes named Delaware, Diamond and Isabella were in the same state that Baco's in now. When we finally grew enough of these grapes to bring them out as wines of their own and without hurting the blends they'd helped for so long, we produced three of the first native New York State wines: Great Western Delaware, Diamond and Isabella Rosé, made 100% from the grapes they're named after.

We're still small enough to be flexible. Sometimes this means we end up making a wine like Baco that no one has made before. Simply because we feel its taste deserves to be bottled and tried by people who are just as curious but a bit less biased than us. But with all of our wines, this way of thinking means trying to make the best-tasting wines of the wines that we make. It's a way of thinking you can taste. It's in our Great Western Burgundy now.



Great Western New York State Burgundy. One of the family of Great Western New York State wines and champagnes. Produced since 1860 by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company of Hammondsport, New York.

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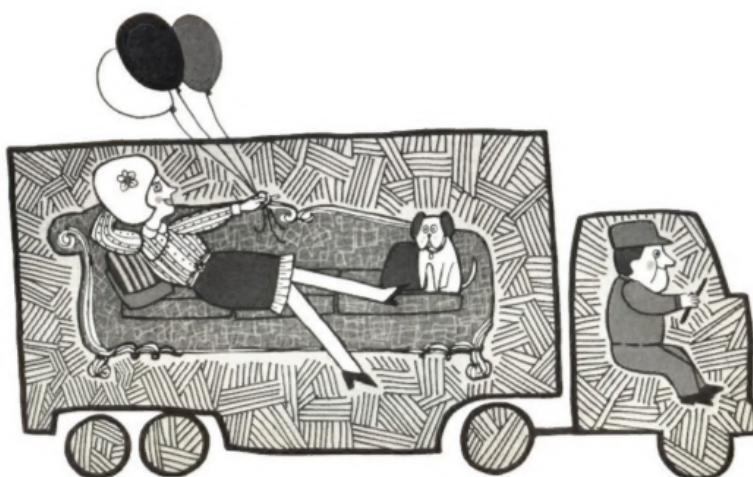
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The twin speakers are the kind you can put anywhere because they'll look good and sound good anywhere.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 11

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) George Burns hosts "Tin Pan Alley Today," with Guests Dionne Warwick, Dick Cavett, the Harper's Bazaar, Tony Tanner, Nancy Ames, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66.

THE BELLE OF 14TH STREET (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Barbra Streisand stars in this musical special that brings back the golden days of vaudeville with help from John Bubbles and Jason Robards, making his singing debut.

Thursday, October 12

DANIEL BOONE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) When ole Dan sets out to recover some stolen gold for Guest Star Maurice Evans, his Indian buddy, Mingo (Ed Ames) keeps the hijackers occupied with an aria from *The Marriage of Figaro*. Operation successful.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9:15-10 p.m.) Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty star in William Inge's *Splendor in the Grass* (1961), which is also a chance to see Sandy Dennis film debut.

Friday, October 13

OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) Maureen O'Hara, as Mother Goose, leads the gags in a musical gander at the pedagogical values of old nursery rhymes. Other participants in "Who's Afraid of Mother Goose?" include Franklin, Avalon, Nancy Sinatra, Fred Clark, Rowan & Martin, Dick Shawn, Joanie Sommers and Margaret Hamilton.

Saturday, October 14

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) The Great One is visited by Joel Grey, Groucho Marx, Johnny Mathis, Jane Morgan and Louis Nye.

Sunday, October 15

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.) The first of a two-part, "Sometimes I Like Even Me," that deals with the progressive Lewis-Wadham School in upscale New York. Lewis-Wadham, which has no compulsory classes, has been in operation for five years and is based on A. S. Neill's English school, Summerhill.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.) Michigan's Governor George Romney stops in to have a few thoughts launched by the press.

CATHOLIC HOUR (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.) A young priest working in a slim ghetto faces an identity crisis in "Many Roads to Damascus," the second of four original TV dramas.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.) Mankind's potential problems with increased leisure time are examined in "The Four-Day Week." Special appearances are made by Robert M. Hutchins and Harry Van Arsdale.

THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-10 p.m.) Carroll Baker is *Harlow* (1965), and her costars are Martin Balsam, Angela Lansbury and Red Buttons.

Monday, October 16

THE LUCY SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.) When Lucy decides that the bank needs to enhance its image with a celebrity de-

All times E.D.T.

positor, she sets out to enroll the master penny pincher himself, Jack Benny.

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SHOW (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Bob takes delightfully deadly aim at such tempting targets as divorce Hollywood style, child-performers-turned-politicians and the hippie scene. He is assisted by Debbie Reynolds, Steve Lawrence and Eddye Gorme.

Tuesday, October 17

CBS PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.) Longing Mandel's original play, *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*, is set in New England and centers on Peter Schermann (Melvyn Douglas), who is placed in a home for the elderly by his children. Shirley Booth co-stars as a resident who helps Schermann decide in favor of life rather than simply waiting for death.

Check local NET stations for exact times for:

DIALOGUE: ISRAEL AND MARTIN BUBER. Shot on location in Israel, this special relates Martin Buber's philosophies to the life and institutions of Israel today. It also explores his role in keeping open dialogue between opposing views and his enormous influence outside Israel.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays): "Right of Privacy," a plea for privacy in an age of bulging files, suggests that the proposed National Data Center would open a man's entire life to the world. Comments by Justice William O. Douglas, Senator Sam Ervin and Ralph Nader.

RECORDS

Orchestra

Long-dead composers often return to vogue when a new era finds sympathetic echoes in their music. Three whose recordings are now flooding the market are Austria's Anton Bruckner (1824-1896), Denmark's Carl Nielsen (1865-1931) and America's Charles Ives (1874-1954). Bruckner was rooted solidly in the Romantic era. Nielsen made a few tentative forays into more astringent tonalities and rhythms, while Ives was an iconoclast, ahead of his time and perhaps even of ours, a difficult composer for performer and listener alike.

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO. 7 (Deutsche Grammophon, 2 LPs) Bruckner was 60 when he had his first big success with his *Seventh Symphony*, still the most popular of his works and now available in nine LP versions. Its adagio is a luminous tribute to Richard Wagner, of whose imminent death Bruckner had a premonition and whose orchestral richness he emulated. Bruckner's canvas is huge and his colors resplendent as dawn, even in sorrow. Eugen Jochum, conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, lets the music swoop and swirl with elegant momentum.

BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Deutsche Grammophon) Eugen Jochum, this time with the Bavarian Radio Symphony, again plays Bruckner with melting loveliness. Jochum makes even the hushes seem meaningful in this "Symphony of Pauses," so called because of the silences that separate contrasting passages.

NIELSEN, SYMPHONY NO. 4 (RCA Victor) Nielsen's *Fourth*, like Bruckner's *Seventh*, is broadly affirmative, but its effects are less solemn and reverent, more



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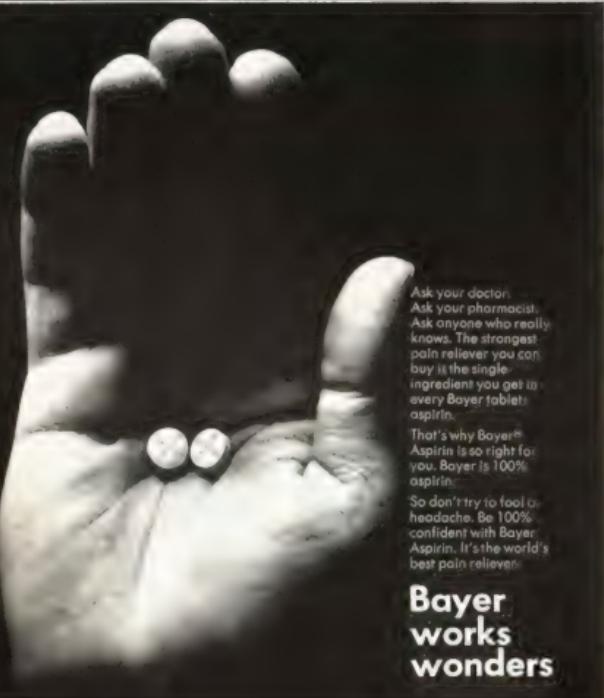


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dashing and theatrical. Nielsen called the symphony "The Inexhaustable," explaining his belief that "in case all the world was devastated, then nature would still begin to breed new life again." Jean Martinon ignites the Chicago Symphony and adds a blazing performance of Nielsen's *Helios Overture*, in praise of the sun.

NIELSEN: SYMPHONY NO. 1 (RCA Victor). Shades of Brahms and Dvorak haunt this 1894 work, interrupted by future potents: bright, jagged chord progressions amidst the quietly flowing harmonies. Andris Poga and the London Symphony Orchestra bring fresh insights to the work.

THE WORLD OF CHARLES IVES (Columbia). As a boy, Ives heard two town bands approach from different directions and march past each other, tooting different tunes full-force. The folksy spirit of band music, combined with the thorny complexities of conflicting voices and rhythms, characterizes his work in this excellent sampler. Eugene Ormandy conducts *Three Places in New England*, Leonard Bernstein, *Washington's Birthday*, and Leopold Stokowski, the longest piece, *The Robert Browning Overture*.

IVES: ORCHESTRAL SET NO. 2 (RCA Victor). This is a first recording of a three-movement symphony finished soon after *Three Places in New England* and like it a Babel of musical quotations. The first theme, worked and reworked in the movement called *An Elegy to Our庚*, *庚* is from *Old Black Joe*. "I'm coming, I'm coming,"

CINEMA

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. Out of a modern-gothic tale of innocence and evil, Producer-Director Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top*) has created an adult morality play with the aid of seven children, each an accomplished scene-stealer.

THE TIGER MAKES OUT. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson repeat their rollicking performances in Murray Schisgal's off-Broadway play, *The Tiger*, with an expanded scenario that overflows with cinematic sight and sound gags.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS. Italian Director Gillo Pontecorvo's newsreel-style account of the FLN guerrilla war against the French explodes with the power of a *bombe plastique*.

THE CLIMAX. The trials of trigamy, as related by Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce, Italian Style*), with Ugo Tognazzi in the role of a man lost in the bittersweet labors of love.

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. Czech Director Jiří Menzel's film is a series of contradictions: a tragic comedy, a peaceful war movie, a success story of a failure.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. This final volume of their 38-year labor to record man's progress through 20 civilizations, once again demonstrates the Durants' immense talent for transmuting tiresome research into never tiresome storytelling.

THE HEIR APPARENT, by William V. Shannon. As often critical, usually dispassionate but at times frankly sympathetic assessment of Bobby and his attempt to bring about a Kennedy Restoration.

O THE CHIMNEYS, by Nelly Sachs. The 75-year-old Nelly Sachs, who lives in Sweden, writes in German and was rescued

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TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1967

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AMERICAN EXPORT
ISBRANDTSEN LINES

from almost total obscurity by 1966's Nobel Prize, appears as a powerful singer of the fate of the Jewish people.

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND, by Svetlana Alliluyeva. The dark but often poignant revelations of Stalin's daughter about life with father.

YEARS OF WAR, 1941-1945: FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES, by John Morton Blum, traces the last term in office of F.D.R.'s Treasury Secretary, Henry Morgenthau Jr., and the birth of the controversial "Morgenthau Plan" for conquered Germany, which cost the crusty hawk his Cabinet post.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, by Joyce Carol Oates. In a season of female discontent this heroine is a poor girl determined to make good but fated to go mad. A novel of considerable power.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE, THE EVOLUTION OF GENIUS, by Winifred Gerin. A meticulous biography illuminates the murky legend of the star-crossed Bronte sisters, especially Charlotte, the author of *Jane Eyre*.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. From an unpromising cast of New Orleans drifters and waifs, the author has fashioned one of the most vibrant first novels of the year.

THE NEW AMERICAN REVIEW, NO. 1, edited by Theodore Solotaroff. In the precarious process of putting out a new literary periodical, Editor Solotaroff aims midway between big names and big, unheralded promise. One highlight: Philip Roth's *The Jewish Blues*, the best Jewish-family story since Salinger's *Franny and Zooey*.

STAUFFENBERG, by Joachim Kramatz. A readable biography of the aristocratic Wehrmacht officer who led the attempt to kill Hitler and overthrow Nazism.

RANDALL JARRELL, 1914-1965, edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor and Robert Penn Warren. An appreciation and lament for the poet by friends and admirers who benefited from his life and work.

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA, by Robert K. Massie. Although his brisk prose and sentimental observations will undoubtedly nettle historians, Author Massie admirably humanizes the tragic couple who presided as semidivine personages over the last days of the Russian Empire.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Chosen*, Potok (2 last week)
2. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1)
3. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
4. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (45)
5. *Night Falls on the City*, Grahame (10)
6. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (4)
7. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (3)
8. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (8)
9. *Topaz*, Ulric (9)
10. *An Operational Necessity*, Griffin (7)

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (2)
2. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (1)
3. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (3)
4. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (4)
5. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (5)
6. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (8)
7. *The Fall of Japan*, Craig (9)
8. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (6)
9. *The Lawyers*, Mayer (7)
10. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (10)

PEOPLE WHO WORK IN GLASS BUILDINGS SHOULDN'T NEED AIR CONDITIONING IN COOL WEATHER.



Glass-fronted building areas have a hot time of it when the sun's up and the outside temperature is around 55° or so. On go the big air-conditioning compressors—which is wasteful, costly, hard on equipment, and now unnecessary. Because a simple method of free-cooling developed by Thermocycle Corp. has dramatically solved this troublesome off-peak air-conditioning problem without running the compressors.

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plus a lot of light

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(The lion is still here)

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with the lights off

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The Westinghouse Secondary Electron Conduction camera tube detects

light so faint it won't register on photographic film. Using this tube, the new Westinghouse portable TV camera can televise night and day sports and news events without the aid of artificial light. These tubes are now used in Ameri-

ca's military and space programs. Commercial cameras and tubes are also available for use in security surveillance systems, undersea photography, product quality control - and just pure entertainment.

Photographs taken at "Africa, U.S.A." — filming location of CBS-TV's "Daktari."

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse





Scottish landowners grow accustomed to raising sheep and drinking Scotch. After all, the tradition of raising the one and downing the other goes back more than 400 years.

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Well, if you're one of these

people, maybe you ought to try 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram. It's different. It actually tastes good.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop drinking

Scotch because it's a habit. And start drinking it because it's a pleasure.

100 PIPERS
SCOTCH BY SEAGRAM

LETTERS

For a More Human Race

Sir: Your Essay on "Race & Ability" [Sept. 29] should be made "must reading" in classes the world over at the grade levels where it can sink in and take hold before the ugly head of prejudice rears and spews its foul lessons on the unsuspecting young.

ALAN E. MERRILL

Cheektowaga, N.Y.

Sir: Falsely one of the most regrettably persistent myths in the contemporary world is the belief in the existence of "race"; a modern-day carry-over to an older belief in witchcraft—and the resultant feeling that measures must be taken to protect oneself from contamination. The sooner the public is made aware of the facts the better; your Essay was a step in the right direction.

THOMAS E. WEST

Rohnert Park, Calif.

Sir: With this kind of awareness of the truth, you can change me from being one of your sternest Negro critics to an enthusiastic reader. Having been given a chance, many Negroes have already proved by their achievements that their intelligence can be matched with that of any other group. But these were the minorities who had the strength to persist against great odds. When the majority of Negroes have the chance and feel that their environment is not so overwhelmingly hostile, they will prove it too. Perhaps, in the end, 1967 will be known as the year of developing understanding rather than the year of disasters.

EMMA LEE POINDEXTER
Cambridge, Mass.

Earth As Yet So Young

Sir: After completing your superbly written article on the Rusk-Smith marriage [Sept. 29], my entire attitude toward it was changed. Now I sincerely feel that their marriage will have a great effect on all Americans, and was another step towards "a more perfect union." Thank you for letting me see the light.

CAROL LEE GRAY

New Haven, Conn.

Sir: Secretary of State Rusk's attitude toward his daughter's marriage makes him ten feet tall in the estimation of this white Goldwater-Republcan.

VICKI SHEPHERD OHL
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir: Two fine young people have sought happiness without rebellion, exhibitionism or social pressure. Black bigots will scream "Uncle Tom honkey suit"; white bigots will look for "nigger babies"; political bigots will see an "I.B.I. deal" and will expose their paranoid silence to those who view this as a mature event in a maturing country. Three cheers for human power!

WILLIAM L. LAGES, M.D.

San Jose, Calif.

Sir: Did not the poet Tennyson, some 100 years ago, express the faith that is now being fulfilled:

A single race, a single tongue—

I have seen it far away—

For is not Earth as yet so young?

At 81, I still hold that faith.

(THE REV.) HARRY TAYLOR

Portland, Ore.

Peace & the Warriors

Sir: Ambassador Goldberg implores Ha-
bitat to negotiate and expresses dismay
that the enemy prefers to suffer destruction
rather than come to the negotiating
table [Sept. 29]. It seems reasonable that
they should do so. Negotiation means to
bargain, to compromise and to be flexible
in the resolution of a contentious issue.
It is a voluntary and peaceful proceeding.
Therefore, negotiation cannot be entered
into while the war is ongoing. Violence
seeks surrender, not negotiation. To ask
for negotiation while continuing the vio-
lence is a contradiction in terms; it is a
counterfeit proposal.

J. CHANDLER SMITH, M.D.

Washington

Sir: It is time that the case of the fighting
man of this country be put on the line.
Their country has asked them to
take on the task of keeping its commitment
to our neighbors across the Pacific.
The price is very high. The actual cost is
evidenced by the freshly turned turf in Ar-
lington and the crowded wards of our
military hospitals. In these places lie the
quiet ones—the givers. We never hear
from them because they are not vocal.
We hear only from the selfish who are un-
willing to see their country through an-
other trying period. These folks with buck
tooth are not new to the American
scene. We heard them in the early '40s
& '50s when they told us America could
not meet the test of history. But this country
has never proceeded on the course
that the selfish chart for us. This country
has been sustained by men who were will-
ing to be faithful when their country was
in need. Those men are still with us
today. I strongly recommend to my friends
who doth protest too much that they
not forget those giants across the pond
who are losing life and limb. If you
change our course in midstream you will
have to account to those who risked every-
thing for their country.

JOHN M. DOWD

Ist Lieutenant, U.S.M.C.

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Pacifiers, Not Pacifism

Sir: I am disillusioned. For nearly ten
years I have raised three daughters in
this remote part of Brazil's interior on
Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child
Care*. During many a long night I have
been comforted by his undisputed and ac-
knowledged expertise in the care of chil-
dren. Now I read that my hero has been

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duped by left-wing extremists [Sept. 15].
Please, Dr. Spock, tell us about pacifiers,
not pacifism!

(MRS.) NANCY MOORE

Rosário Oeste, Brazil

All In the Family

Sir: An observation about your article
on Gibraltar [Sept. 22]: My family "dis-
covered" the Costa del Sol, and an ancestor
was admiral-governor of Gibraltar. I
have very good friends of every kind
there and would like to make a friend and
neutral comment: even if 99.2% voted
against annexation to Spain, 99.2% would
honestly wish an arrangement with Spain.
But, as always, politics creates such com-
plex problems that the short lives are
dominated by a couple of people who,
for the sake of their local pride, make
thousands suffer—in this case, 2,000.

PRINCE ALFONSO HOHENLOHE

Marbella, Spain

Above Ground

Sir: While we can understand your some-
what technical sense of the term "under-
ground" to refer to "The Action Mass
of the People" in Washington [Sept. 29],
the term has a most unfortunate connota-
tion and your use of it badly distorts
what is happening.

The Action Mass has never been se-
cret. Our intent was and continues to be,
to operate publicly and within all auth-
orized liturgical prescriptions. We con-
formed immediately to the restrictions
outlined by the Cardinal here this past
spring.

Neither were our celebrations "infor-
mal" in that they have always contained
the complete formal elements of the Mass
as required in this diocese. What we were
doing was quite within all the rules. No
"fetter" was broken by our spirit. What
happened was that the Cardinal had a
newly restrictive letter written forbidding
priests to celebrate with us, so that we
would be beyond his pale. This we called
a clear case of episcopal overkill. Our con-
tinuing public record thus conflicts utterly
with your oversimplified description of
us as underground or informal, either in
form or substance.

GILBERT E. DONATIUS

MATTHEW K. CLARKE

Washington

Such Handsome Hacks

Sir: In a recent article, you examined
the "car-of-the-month" in cars owned by
Hollywood's show business elite [Sept. 29].
Due, I'm sure, to an oversight, one of the
most in automobiles, the London

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MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHvale, NEW JERSEY



BADEN-POWELL STAMPS

bicycle-mounted field messengers, the prototype of the subsequent Boy Scout. The appearance of a subject's portrait on an officially recognized postage stamp reportedly shocked Queen Victoria to the whalebones; she deemed it highly improper that any but the ruling sovereign's likeness should appear on any postage stamp within the British Empire.

T. LACY

San José, Costa Rica

Who Pays for the Birds

Sir: In your article on hunting surpluses [Sept. 29], you didn't mention that all this wildlife results from conservation programs that hunters have paid for. Self-imposed license fee revenues and excise taxes on guns and shells keep the wildlife management programs of all 50 states alive and thriving. There is no other large-scale source of support.

BILL DAVIDSON

Prescott, ARIZ.

Baloney Sandwich

Sir: You call Esalen President Michael Murphy "no far-out cultist"; yet his "sensitivity training," aimed at getting people to "let go of an excessively verbal image of themselves" [Sept. 29], appears to be merely a rationalization of the hippie syndrome ridged up a little to make it acceptable to middle-class escapist. This technique relegates the mind to second place and glorifies "feelings," the most primitive standard for reacting to others. Perhaps cuddling in "hero sandwiches" [55-

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The Contempora,
21 3/4 in. solid-state.



Limousines, was not mentioned. The London Limousines are the traditional British FX-3 three-door taxis, fully reconditioned, complete with taximeter, now being distributed nationwide by London Limousines Ltd. In addition to the Hollywood car buffs, Miami, New York and other major cities can spot the London Limousines parked in front of their chic places. For approximately \$2,000, they are priced within reach of most, if not all, of the In crowd.

CHARLES F. ENGEI

American Broadcasting Co.
Hollywood

Mail from Mafeking

Sir: The review of Brian Gardner's *Mafeking* [Sept. 29] makes no mention of an aspect of the siege which still is of interest. This was the printing and issuance, in Mafeking, of a special pair of "siege stamps" which were notable as being among the first, if not the first, examples of postage stamps printed by photographic reproduction.

The stamps were properly perforated and far from amateur jobs. Printed on blue paper, one showed an oval vignette of Baden-Powell himself taken from the very same photograph that ISM printed, while the other depicted one of his

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people deep sounds appetizing to you: it seems like a lot of baloney to me.

TONI KANN

Fairview Park, Ohio

One, Two, Three Kick!

Sir: Where the Rockettes are concerned, we admire their dancing but deplore their arithmetic [Sep. 29]. The fact is that under the new contract proposed by the Music Hall, the young lady who joins our staff as an apprentice dancer would get \$7,020 her first year and go up to \$8,606 after her second year. Also, there are extras for doubling in other dance numbers, for special engagements like TV shows, and payments to the A.G.V.A. Welfare Fund. The 36% increase offered by the Music Hall is much more than the 15% figure you printed. It seems to me that you are playing arithmetic roulette when you say that a dancer gets 2¢ a kick. It would be equally deceiving to say that the performers only dance about 16 minutes a day.

EDWARD SIRIUS

Director of Public Relations

Radio City Music Hall
Manhattan

Sir: As a former Rockette, I cannot understand the reason for the deliberately false impressions being created. To name a few: time spent rehearsing—grossly exaggerated! Spending "\$400 a head on make-up—ridiculous! If a girl buys "\$80 worth of false eyelashes, it is not because she wants them, she is certainly not requiring them. If a trained dancer has trouble surviving the big stage without landing on her "buckled" stage—it does not speak well for her technique. Perhaps the young ladies who said that should have stuck to cheerleading.

MIRIAM MORGAN CASNER

$$H_0 = \mathcal{H}_0 - H_0 \, G_0 = G_0$$

More Than You Can Chew
Sister: After reading your review of *Bonne and Clyde* [Aug. 25], I had to write to you. I can't remember being as upset with anything you've written about films as I am with this unmit, unfair and just plain unkind rap at one of the finest films ever projected on the American screen. The production, technique, the performances and the direction, the whole attitude of what a film should be is there to see and understand. Why don't you people stick to writing about politics and, I might add, try reviewing some of the politicians' performances? You'd really have something to bite into.

JERRY LEWIS

Jerry Lewis Films, Inc.
Hollywood



Post Haste



The word's getting around: General Tire is the company in a hurry to find a better way to do things.

For example: a mechanized parcel post sorting system developed by our Aerojet-General subsidiary to help cut the post office "crisis" down to size.

And it's already shown results in Miami's Biscayne Annex Post Office. Today, our materials handling system receives and sorts parcels *twice as fast* as manual handling. To experts, that points the way to *tomorrow's* post office.

Progress? Yes. But about what you'd expect from General—the company that makes the famous puncture-sealing General Dual 90° tire.

Remember: in transportation, chemistry, aerospace and communications, General Tire looks for a better way to do things. And *finds it*.

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**'68 Dodge Charger. What a
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Tired of all those look-alike shapes around you? The ones that surround you at every traffic light? Why not take a look at Dodge Charger for 1968? Then take a good look at all the goodies that meet you when you open Charger's door. This one's different, inside and out. Outside, you've already seen. Inside, all business. Foam-padded bucket seats to coddle you. Matt-finished

instruments with black faces, white numbers and needles. Meant to be read often. Two deep and handy door pockets for all the paraphernalia that usually collects under your feet. A range of four engines to suit your driving needs (Up to the 440-cubic-inch Magnum V8 in Charger R/T.) Switches that do interesting things, like make the concealed headlights appear on

command. In short, a car with everything you need to make you take an interest in cars again. And the price makes Charger doubly easy to take. Low enough to give you a high case of Dodge Fever. Got the idea? Got the Fever? Now stop at your Dodge Dealer's and sign up for the cure. Your very own Charger—right now. It's the only cure for Dodge Fever.



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People, it is sometimes said, are much alike. We can't agree when it comes to life insurance agents. Ours are very different. Mass Mutual agents are an elite corps of skilled professionals who are, we believe, the finest in the industry.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 13, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 15

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Consensus of a Different Kind

Lyndon Johnson, the supreme culti-
vator of consensus, last week pondered a
bitter paradox. He came to the pres-
idency with a wide consensus created
by the assassination of his predecessor.
He won election in his own right, hid-
ing a consensus of unprecedented
breadth. He used the mandate afforded
by that consensus to steer a sweeping
program through Congress. But now,
as Johnson approaches the end of his
fourth year as President, the only audi-
ble consensus in the nation is the one
that is building against him.

On the farms and in the cities, in sub-
urbs and slums, among intellectuals and
businessmen, a consuming sense of
unease has gripped Americans. "There is,"
says Health, Education and Welfare
Secretary John Gardner, "a kind of
negativism, a grumbling, complaining
mood." Viet Nam, urban riots and ris-
ing prices have all contributed their
part to what a White House aide candidly
describes as "a general malaise." Ulti-
mately, Johnson shoulders the blame.
The upshot is a crisis in confidence
and leadership so severe that it threat-
ens to impair the conduct and prestige
of the presidency.

Chasm of Mistrust. The pollsters of-
fered disquieting statistics. A Louis H. Harris
sampling shows that only 31% of
the nation approves of Johnson's han-
dling of the Viet Nam war—a pre-
cipitous 15% drop in three months.
Gallup reports that a bare 38% of the
citizenry likes L.B.J.'s overall conduct
of his job—down 10% from last year.
Other Gallup polls indicate that 11 New
York's Democratic Senator Robert F.
Kennedy has surged to a commanding
51-to-39 lead over him in a popularity
contest among adults of all political per-
suasions; and 21 New York's Governor
Nelson Rockefeller and California's
Governor Ronald Reagan would swamp
a Johnson-Humphrey ticket 57 to 43.

Some of the nation's major publica-
tions echo the pollsters' findings. A spot
survey by the Wall Street Journal pointed to
"a chasm of mistrust, anger and
frustration—mostly over the Viet Nam
war." The Christian Science Monitor
predicted that America's 22 million Ne-
groes, who were 94% behind Johnson
in 1964, may give as many as 30% of
their votes to a Republican rather than

Reagan and Richard Nixon) next year.
Reason: "He overpromised."

Pressure Ploy. In both houses of Congress, Johnson's predicament was pain-
fully apparent. In the Senate, criticism of the Viet Nam war grew so noisy among previously quiescent Republicans that the White House had to ask Minority Leader Everett Dirksen to defend its policies (see following story).

The House was in an openly re-
bellious mood on taxes and spending, thanks largely to the President's efforts to shift responsibility for any action to Congress. Loath to offend any voters by cutting spending on their pet projects, the President suggested the House wield the economy as itself; he also urged it to enact his 10% surcharge on income taxes as speedily as possible. The House tossed the ball back to Johnson. By a lopsided 263-to-5 vote, the Ways and Means Committee deferred all action on the tax increase "until such time as the President and Congress reach an understanding on a means of implementing more effective expenditure reduction and controls."

Having failed at persuasion, Johnson
tried ill-disguised pressure. He ordered a
freeze on all nonessential government

spending—notably the pork-barrel, river
and harbor projects so dear to most
Congressmen—as an economy move. To
avoid the appearance of arm twisting,
Johnson did not announce the move
himself, instead reiterated his plea to
Congress to enact his tax bill and cut ex-
penditures. "I know it is not a popular
thing for a President to do—to ask any-
one for a penny out of a dollar to pay
for a war that is not popular," Johnson
told savings-and-loan officials in an off-
the-cuff talk. "If I were concerned only
with my own popularity or my own
poll, that wouldn't be the way I would
go about it—to suggest higher taxes or
more wars. But you have to do what is
responsible, and you have to do what is
right if you sit in this place."

Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur
Mills was infuriated by the President's
tactics. He accused Johnson of "buck
passing" and made clear that there is
no hope he will get his tax increase.
"The tax bill," said Mills, "is dead as
of now."

Al Fresco Toast. Johnson's money
troubles with Congress are hardly
unique. Practically every President with
an ambitious, expensive program has en-
countered stiff resistance on Capitol

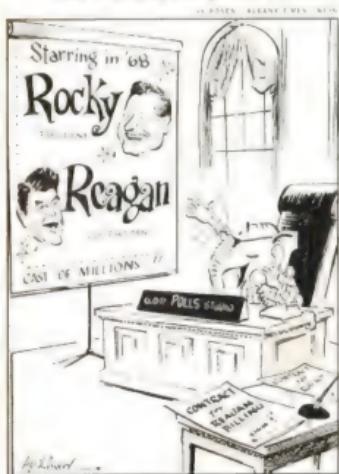


JOHNSON AND LONGSHOREMAN-PHILOSOPHER ERIC HOFFER
What may be assets on the Hill have proved liabilities in the White House.

Hill. But Johnson's problems go deeper.

He is widely regarded as devious, even dishonest. He brought to the presidency all the skills that he had perfected during 23 years in Congress—in particular, an adroitness at backstage maneuvering and a devout belief in secrecy and surprise. But what may be assets on the Hill have proved to be liabilities in the White House, and Johnson's lingering image as the crafty manipulator has done him immense harm. Many Americans seem convinced, as one observer of the presidency has written, that Johnson is a man who believes that "the shortest distance between two points is through a tunnel."

The President's all too evident egotism reinforces this pervasive distrust.



"IT'LL BE THE HOTTEST DRAW SINCE 'GONE WITH THE WIND'."

Recently, White House aides all at once told how much Johnson has always admired Longshoreman-Philosopher Eric Hoffer (*The True Believer*). Actually Johnson had never met Hoffer, and nobody had heard him mention his name, but the reason for his sudden enthusiasm was clear. During a TV interview last month, Hoffer predicted L.B.J. would be "the foremost President of the 20th century." Wasting no time, Johnson brought Hoffer to the South Lawn of the White House last week for a chat. "The Trumans and the Johnsons get things done," Hoffer was overheard assuring the President at one point. "Don't worry about the polls," he said at another. The two toasted each other in Fresco, which Johnson calls "Fresco," then posed for photos, which were spread across the nation to show there are still those who go all the way with L.B.J.

Johnson is well aware that he is in trouble. He has asked virtually all his

close friends and associates to write memos telling him what has gone wrong. But there is some question whether they will really do so. All too frequently, candor-on-request has resulted in a speedy exit from Johnson's inner circle.

One friend recalls how, when Johnson was a Congressman during World War II, he informed Cook Zephyr Wright that he was bringing some important people home for a steak dinner. Unable to scrape up enough redaction stamps for steak, Zephyr frantically asked Nellie Connally, wife of Texas Governor John Connally, who was then a naval officer, what she should tell Johnson. "Nellie said to tell him that he's just like everybody else," said the friend. "Zephyr thought a moment and then said, 'Well, Mrs. Connally, you know he is like everybody else, and I know he is like everybody else, but I'm not going to tell him he is like everybody else.'" Zephyr is still Johnson's cook, and there are several men still enjoying his confidence because they exercised similar prudence. The result has been to insulate Johnson from reality.

Uncle Sugar. Like most of his predecessors, Johnson took office genuinely determined to be the President of all the people all the time. Unlike them, Johnson has refused to recognize that in a society as diverse as the U.S., a President frequently has to take sides and act as a contender against some of the people. Said an aide: "I just wish that he would be the bastard that he really is." Instead, he has attempted the impossible feat of trying to please all of the people all of the time, chiefly by posing as a benign granddaddy and an openhanded Uncle Sugar. In consequence, he has managed to alienate a sizable number of them.

"We've got to get over the fear of making mistakes," says one of the President's closest associates. "We can't be afraid to admit we've been wrong." Rarely has Johnson made such an admission—as John F. Kennedy did after the Bay of Pigs. Quite the contrary. Last week, for example, with problems swirling all around him, he told the National Co-op Conference in Washington: "With all of our complaints, with all of our sufferings, our inconveniences, our setbacks, our frustrations. I think that all of us have good enough judgment to know that we are on the way, that we are moving that we are getting better every day."

The President, of course, had a point: no nation has ever enjoyed such fantastic wealth, and that wealth is increasing steadily. But the U.S. is also in the midst of a debilitating war, a racial upheaval of immeasurable proportions, and a crisis of seemingly irreversible decay in its cities. In such circumstances, when the President grandly declares that the country never had it so good, he is adding a few more voters to the great consensus that he is creating—against himself.

THE WAR

Heat on the Hill

For two years, President Johnson's fellow Democrats have subjected his Viet Nam policies to a heavy cannonade in the Senate, while all but a few Republicans held back. Now the G.O.P. Senators are joining the siege strength.

Two weeks ago, New Jersey's Clifford Case and Kentucky's Thurston Morton pulled the lanyards on Lyndon. Last week Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper renewed his demand for an unconditional cessation of U.S. bombing against the North; Massachusetts' Edward Brooke, a dove turned hawk, seemed ready to change feathers again with a call for a bombing pause; and Illinois' Charles Percy, who has frequently voiced discontent over Viet Nam before, got 22 colleagues to cosponsor a resolution asking the President to insist Asia's non-Communist nations share more of the fighting with the U.S.

Medusaean Tangle. The White House was deeply disturbed by the Republicans' rising criticism of the war, but no more so than was Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen. Aside from the fact that he approves of the Administration's policies, Dirksen believes that it is good politics for the G.O.P. to sit back quietly while Democrats cut one another up over Viet Nam. Thus, when the White House asked him to see whether he could rein in the rampaging Republicans, the Senator from Illinois was more than willing.

Armed with a fact sheet supplied by the State Department, Dirksen rose last week before 33 colleagues—an exceptional turnout—to begin Capitol Hill's most heated Viet Nam debate in months. He began, as he almost always does, in a barely audible rumble, praising the 30 nations that are helping in Viet Nam, reminding his fellow Senators that their dissent gives American G.I.s the feeling that they are "forgotten men." Without naming him, he rebuked Morton for remarking that the President had been "brainwashed" into seeking a solely military solution to the war. "It don't sound good and it don't look good," said Dirksen in his best folksy-Ev vein. "You do not demean the ruler. The President is not our ruler, but you do not demean him in the eyes of people abroad."

Warming up, Dirksen waved his arms and pounded his desk. He leaned so close to Assistant Republican Leader Thomas Kuchel that the Californian was practically horizontal at his desk. He shook his head so emphatically that his carefully coiffed mane soon flew askew in a Medusaean tangle of curls. "Our outer defense perimeter started in Korea and went to South Viet Nam," he said. "That is our outside security line. Suppose it fails. It will run from Alaska to Hawaii." Thundered Dirksen, his voice now at full volume: "Let me say that I was not made a Senator to

preside over the liquidation of the holy fabric of freedom?"

Yelping Dogs. After Dirksen had finished, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright rose, three seats away. For more than an hour, the two men exchanged caustic rhetoric.

The war, said the Arkansas Democrat, was more likely "to liquidate the holy fabric of freedom" than to preserve it. "We are weakening this country. What we are doing is sending our men over there and having them slaughtered. We are spending our money; we are disrupting our economy, we are threatened with inflation, we are confronted with an enormous deficit."

Dirksen conceded that Viet Nam, like any war, had created "stresses—spiritual, moral and emotional." But, he added, "we are up against a decision of some kind. Do we quit? Do we retreat? Do we go ahead to a victory? Do we de-escalate?" His answer to the last was negative. "If we do, I think that we throw away whatever leverage we have," he said. "I learned long ago that it is the hit dog that yelps. They are being hit. They are being hurt, and they are beginning to yelp."

Unanswerable Question. Dirksen called the war "a Red threat," involving Moscow and Peking as well as Hanoi. But Fulbright insisted that Russia, at least, was growing less belligerent. Otherwise, he said, disingenuously, "I do not know why she withdrew those missiles in Cuba."

Fulbright maintained that Dirksen wanted to turn Viet Nam into a permanent U.S. base and that "a nuclear exchange" was bound to result. Dirksen disagreed. "I cannot believe that mankind has so sloughed off its compassion and its common sense as to get into that kind of a hole—yet." But, re-

plied Fulbright, if the Communists "are as dangerous a menace as you would lead us to believe because of Viet Nam, then surely we could have no assurance that they would not use nuclear weapons." Retorted Dirksen: "They know that nobody ever won an earthquake, and they are not going to blunder into this."

In the end, the debate came down to the inexorable and all but unanswerable question: "You have been quarreling for the last year about the conduct of the war," Dirksen told Fulbright. "What does the Senator want to do?" Fulbright called for a reconvening of the 1954 Geneva Conference, followed by free elections throughout South Viet Nam and a U.S. withdrawal. However, he failed to note that Russia, as co-chairman with Britain of the Geneva Conference, has steadfastly refused to reconvene the talks.

Remember Con Thien. Despite the customary verbal niceties, the debate was bitter and sarcastic, and widened even further the gulf between supporters and critics of the Administration's Viet Nam policies. Unfortunately, it also overshadowed an effective speech by Kuchel about his recent visit to Viet Nam, the Californian, who considers himself an "armed dove," left as a supporter of Johnson's policies, and returned even more firmly convinced that they are correct. "Other than Red China, North Korea and North Viet Nam," he said, "every country over there hopes to God we don't turn around and leave." Speaking after Missouri Democrat Stuart Symington had urged a bombing pause in the North and a cease-fire in the South as a means of testing Hanoi's intentions, Kuchel warned that a suspension of the air war now "would result in grievous harm to our men fighting at Con Thien and Gao Linh" as well as other points near the Demilitarized Zone.

Kuchel's speech probably changed no minds; few speeches on Viet Nam ever do. But it did prompt Morton and Cooper to "clarify" their own demands for a bombing halt by explaining that they would not approve of such a step if it left U.S. servicemen in jeopardy.

More of the Same

The political ramifications of the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam are one thing; the war itself, as viewed from cockpits, rifle sights and radarscopes, is quite another. For the better part of a month, the Senate's Preparedness Subcommittee, under Mississippi's John Stennis, has been trying to assess the military effort through the testimony of the Pentagon's Joint Chiefs of Staff. Last week Air Force Chief J. P. McConnell had saw-toothed say it was predictably and powerfully in support of the war in the North.

McConnell testified that without the 21 years of aerial interdiction so far levied against North Viet Nam, "perhaps more than 800,000 additional U. S. troops, at a cost of \$75 billion over



AIR FORCE CHIEF McCONNELL
Saying it the saw-toothed way.

what we have spent," might have been needed to maintain the war at its current level—and, of course, "we would have suffered many more casualties on the battlefield." McConnell argued that American bombing could have been more effective if it had been less "gradual." "It was the second of March 1965," he reminisced, "and we recommended what we called a sharp, sudden blow which would have paralyzed the enemy's capability. That was disapproved as a concept."

Swift Sword. Pressing for a swift sword stroke against Hanoi's logistical network, McConnell cited the Israeli air attacks last June against the Egyptians: "If you had applied those sorties in 1965 when the North Vietnamese had practically no defense up there, you could have gone a long way. They had no opposition." Then he added with phlegmatic pomposity: "It is a different world than it was in 1965."

It is indeed. Prior to the August testimony, McConnell and his Navy counterpart, Admiral Thomas Moorer, had demanded air strikes on the 30-mile "buffer zone" between North Viet Nam and China, along with heavy attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong harbor. Since then, while bombers have not directly struck Haiphong's docks through which the bulk of North Viet Nam's war material moves, they have cut off rail and road links between the port and the rest of the country. The buffer zone and Hanoi itself have been hit sporadically, with pilots striking only at specific military targets and taking special care to avoid civilian casualties. Understandably, neither aviator favors a bombing pause. Said McConnell: "If you ever release the pressure, they will be just that much better off." The bluntest remark on the subject came last week from Air Force Colonel Robin Olds, 45, the World War II ace who downed four MiGs in Viet Nam: "Good Lord, you've got the best armed services you ever fielded. Why don't you use them?"



KUCHEL IN VIET NAM
Sharpening a dove's claws.

THE CONGRESS

Poverty Bill's Progress

Between a bloodletting by its foes and a force-feeding from its friends, the Administration's poverty program was in danger of total renovation on the Senate floor last week. The program's critics sought to dismember Senator Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity; its champions strove to heap half again as much largesse on the OEO as the White House had requested or wanted in a year of planned retrenchment. In the end, after an elaborate series of votes and floor maneuvers, the Senate passed a slightly enlarged version of Lyndon Johnson's poverty bill by a vote of 60 to 21.

As it turned out, the liberals' effort to add a \$2.8 billion, two-year emergency job scheme was a boon for the Administration. Their attempt, promoted by Pennsylvania Democrat Joseph Clark and New York Republican Jacob Javits, consumed so much of the Senate's time and attention that motions to deprive OEO of its major functions were virtually brushed aside. Then a coalition of Republicans and Southern and small-state Democrats buried the Clark-Javits proposal, 54 to 28. Vermont Republican Winston Prouty tried for a compromise figure of \$925 million for one year only, which elicited wider support—but not wide enough. It lost, 47 to 42.

The bill that emerged left the OEO structurally unscathed and authorized \$2,258,000,000 for the current fiscal year, which was still \$198 million more than Johnson had requested. The additional funds were earmarked for a variety of purposes including day-care centers to allow mothers receiving welfare to work, health and family-planning services and further efforts to promote small business and job training in slums.

House members are lining up a far fiercer gauntlet for the bill than the Senate presented. Many House members, who are in a cost-cutting mood, want to reorganize OEO into oblivion; there is also a widespread conviction that poverty funds should be pared. And, unlike their Senate colleagues, the House critics complement rather than offset one another. When the authorization bill runs its House test, the President is more likely to be fighting for enough money than fighting off too much.

REPUBLICANS

Reagan's Road Show

For a freshman Governor who insists that his only ambition is to run California well, Governor Ronald Reagan has mapped out quite a national itinerary for himself. By year's end, he will have delivered speeches—or at least his basic "Speech"—in Illinois, Wisconsin, South Carolina, Nebraska, Oregon, Kentucky, Texas, Washington, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, and probably Connecticut and Florida. At every turn, he will likely repeat to reporters: "I am

not a candidate. I am not running for President."

Back in Sacramento last week after four days on the road, Reagan may have been tempted to change his refrain. The trip proved that the rookie Governor is one of the hottest speakers on the G.O.P. circuit. After dedicating a library at his Illinois alma mater, Eureka College, Reagan flew to Columbia, S.C., where a \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner packed in some 3,500 of the faithful for the largest and most lucrative banquet ever held in the state.

Like Jane & Cheetah. Next night in Milwaukee, 2,823 Republicans jammed into the Municipal Arena for another \$100-a-plate affair, while several thousand more paid \$5 apiece to listen from the balcony. Reagan, who may have been raiding Bob Hope's gag file,

fund raisers. His rhetoric certainly remained colorful. Labor leaders protested when Reagan allowed convicts to help harvest California fruit and vegetable crops, but Reagan at a press conference pointed out that the union had failed to provide sufficient manpower to bring in the crops before they were in danger of rotting. Said Reagan of the union leaders: "Sometimes they remind me of a dog sitting on a sharp rock howling with pain, who is too stupid to get up." Then he ordered his department of health and welfare to find out how many of the state's welfare recipients would be willing to go out and work in the fields to harvest or risk losing their benefits.

According to John

After he was elected mayor of New York City as a fusion candidate of the Republican and Liberal parties in 1965, John Vliet Lindsay pledged a nonpartisan administration. Republican Nelson Rockefeller could have used some campaign support from the mayor in last year's gubernatorial race, but Lindsay blandly observed that his office was above politics and for the most part kept his silence.

Last week, however, as the pollsters reported in with ever brighter portents for the G.O.P., Lindsay suddenly became quite vocal. Visiting Washington for a meeting of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, of which he is vice chairman, Republican Lindsay agreed to sit down with reporters from several newspapers for a "background" session.

According to John, the Republicans' strongest nominee for '68 would be Illinois Senator Charles Percy, a fresh political personality who opposes the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam and would thus give the voters an alternative to Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy. Some of Lindsay's friends think that John Lindsay would make an ideal running mate for Percy, but the mayor maintained that he had no desire to crowd himself into the picture. Another of his strong favorites for the presidency, Lindsay allowed, would be Nelson Rockefeller. The endorsement was diplomatic, since Lindsay and Rockefeller have lost no love on each other since the mayor took office.

Michigan Could Win. Scanning the rest of the field, Lindsay remarked that Michigan's Governor George Romney is probably dead politically, and was moribund even before he weighed in with his "brainwashing" blooper. Richard Nixon would be acceptable unless he pursued an overly militant line on the war. Ronald Reagan would be anathema to the party moderates: Lindsay thinks that the conservatives would probably not even press Reagan's candidacy, since they want a Republican victory this time rather than another Goldwater-style debacle.

If the elections were held now, however, Lindsay thinks it would matter little who the Republican candidate was.



COP & CONVICTS IN THE VINEYARDS
Rhetoric to match the mood.

started off with a string of japes: "We have some hippies in California. For those of you who don't know what a hippie is, he's a fellow who has hair like Tarzan, who walks like Jane, and who smells like Cheetah."

Then he launched into "the Speech," a rerun of the 1964 oration for Goldwater that established Dutch Reagan's conservative credentials.

Some of Wisconsin's party leaders were not so delighted as the troops with Reagan's charisma. Unless he signs an affidavit disavowing any plan to run, Reagan's name will automatically be listed on the ballot in the April 2 Wisconsin primary, the nation's second. State G.O.P. officials, mostly strong Nixon supporters, have good reason to fear that Reagan would cut into Nixon's conservative strength, possibly throwing the primary victory to Michigan's George Romney.

Howling Dog. Reagan, for his part, ebulliently went back to state problems before embarking on another tour of

At this stage, he said, Mickey Mouse could beat Lyndon Johnson.

By the Washington rules on a "backgrounder," reporters may report what was said without direct attribution to the public official who said it. Stretching the rule just a bit, reporters at the Lindsay session filed stories detailing his views and crediting their information to the mayor's "political friends." When the stories appeared, Lindsay said testily that there was "no basis" for them. He added: "When I have something to say on this, I will talk for myself."

CLEVELAND

Vindictive Victory

Barely 23 hours after the polls closed, commentators on two of Cleveland's TV and radio stations confidently predicted that incumbent Mayor Ralph S. Locher would win the Democratic Party nomination for another term. That seemed reasonable enough, since, with 70% of the ballots counted, the three-term mayor had a 10,000-vote edge over his closest opponent, Carl B. Stokes, a Negro. Yet within ten minutes, articulate, kinetic Stokes went before the TV cameras and confidently—and correctly—predicted his own victory in the primary. When it came, a short time thereafter, he exulted to Cleveland voters: "You have vindicated my faith in American democracy."

The triumph vaulted State Representative Stokes, 40, son of a laundry worker, into position as a slight favorite to become the first elected Negro mayor of a U.S. metropolis in November. His opponent then will be Liberal Republican Seth Taft, 44, grandson of the 27th President and cousin of Ohio Congressman Robert Taft.

Sleekest Team. To those who had watched his carefully conducted campaign, Stokes's nomination came as no surprise. Ever since Stokes—then running as an independent—lost to Locher by 2,143 votes in the general election two years ago, he had been applying himself to the problem of carrying a city in which 62% of the registered electorate was white and the regular Democratic Party machinery was solidly behind Mayor Locher.

His answer was to put together one of the sleekest campaign teams ever to operate in Cleveland. Negro and white volunteers flocked to his support, forming an active core of 3,000 workers in ten branch offices throughout the city. Civil Rights Leader Martin Luther King traveled to Cleveland to campaign for him. All told, Stokes's volunteers distributed 60,000 bumper stickers (Locher's 14,000), passed out another 60,000 doorknob notices.

Stokes's energy and good taste in refusing to turn the campaign into a racist contest earned him influential support from the city's business community and the endorsement of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He was helped, too, by Locher's pallid campaign and mediocre six-year record as mayor. Cleveland's at-



DEMOCRAT STOKES & WIFE
Voted in by the whites.

ternoon newspaper, the Press, refused to support Locher as it had in previous elections; while expressing a mild preference for Dark Horse Frank P. Celeste (who ended up with only 4.1% of the vote), the Press declared Stokes an acceptable alternative.

Tolerance & Toughness. Counting on the support of Cleveland's 120,000 registered Negroes, Lawyer Stokes concentrated his efforts on the white community in the city's West Side. He assured the white voters that he would be mayor first and a Negro second—a claim that was supported by his record during three terms in the state house of representatives, where he has sponsored bills for state laws controlling riots and the sale of firearms. He has refused to support establishment of a civilian review board for the police, but he vowed, if elected, to fire Police Chief Richard Wagner for being insensitive



RеспUBLICAN TAFT
Recognized for what he is.

to the city's racial problems. He hit at the Locher administration's weaknesses: lagging urban renewal, lethargic leadership, and festering discontent in the slums. His campaign was a shrewd mixture of tolerance and toughness.

The strategy paid off: 96% of the Negro and 14% of the white votes cast went to Stokes for a total of 110,769. Locher got 92,033. Stokes's victory was greeted by endorsements from Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Democratic National Committee Chairman John M. Bailes and a clutch of local Democratic officials. Even Locher gamely announced his support of Stokes in the general election.

Stokes is favored in November because Cleveland has 166,026 registered Democrats against 36,531 Republicans and 117,234 independents. Seth Taft lacks Stokes's eloquence and dynamism; yet, merely by being white, he will draw off some of those Democratic and independent votes. Despite the antilabor position that the Taft name has symbolized for older voters, the majority of Cleveland's citizens are either too young to care or intelligent enough to recognize Taft for what he is—a liberal Republican from a great political dynasty. He has shown keen awareness of the city's racial tensions, promises to take government to the people by establishing a series of "neighborhood city halls" for Cleveland, like those given New Yorkers by Activist Mayor John Lindsay. "The voters have shown they want a change," says Taft. "The question now is what kind of change and who can bring it about."

MISSISSIPPI

More Toward Moderation

Outside the Deep South, the trend among Republican candidates has been toward moderation on civil rights. Governor Spiro Agnew of Maryland and Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas won office even though their Democratic opponents "outsewed" them: in Virginia's 1965 gubernatorial race, moderate Republican Linwood Holton lost to Democrat Mills Godwin, a hardline white supremacist who shifted his stance to court Negro votes. Last week the move toward moderation manifested itself for the first time in that bastion of the white South, Mississippi.

Republican Ruibel Phillips, 42, who ran unsuccessfully in 1963 as a segregationist, opened his gubernatorial campaign by pleading for a truce in Mississippi's racial war. "Trying to keep something from happening has absorbed so much of our total energies for all these years that we haven't had much left to devote to the really important task of developing our state," declared Phillips. "It is painfully clear that the race issue has retarded the development of our human resources. The white cannot keep the Negro down without paying the awesome penalty of restricting his own development."

Before his shift, Phillips offered little

opposition to Democratic Candidate John Bell Williams, 48, a racist Congressman who has pledged to deliver Mississippi's electoral votes to George Wallace. His new stance, Phillips hopes, could turn the trick in the Nov. 7 election by capturing the state's 185,000 Negro votes, along with those of whites eager for progress. Said one Mississippi Negro civil rights leader last week: "Don't be too surprised if we come out for Phillips."

OREGON

Marxist from Multnomah

After he had grubbed for several years at the grass roots, it seemed only right that handsome, hardworking Donald Hamerquist should be rewarded with an official role in Oregon's Democratic establishment. Thus a year ago, he was allowed to run unopposed for the post of committeeman for the 400th Precinct in Portland's Multnomah County and was duly elected 88 to 0. Hamerquist's harmony with the party was unbroken until last March, when an FBI informer revealed that he was a card-carrying member of the Communist Party. To the consternation of the Democrats, Hamerquist readily admitted to being a Communist and said that he had been a party organizer to boot. "I've been pretty successful, too," allows Hamerquist, now 28. "I've been a Communist for years and have never denied it. I don't know why anyone was surprised."

Nor did Hamerquist see why anyone should think he ought to give up his office. An attempt to launch a recall movement against him was knocked down by Democratic Attorney General Robert Y. Thornton, who held it illegal under state law. The Democrats were finally rescued by the legislature, which passed a bill prohibiting a person from holding office for one political party who is also a member of "another party." Last week, as a petition was filed under the new law to bring about Hamerquist's recall, the Marxist from Multnomah County was in Manhattan to discuss his next move with the Communist leadership. "The only thing that I can't understand about all this," he said, "is why nobody has talked about recall of my wife. At the same time that I was elected a committeeman, she was elected a committeewoman. And she is a Communist too."

CALIFORNIA

Death in Trinity Mountains

Alvin F. Oien, 59, was hopping his single-engine Cessna from Portland, Ore., to San Francisco last March 11 when he crashed. Remarkably, no one was killed: Oien was cut up, an arm and some ribs broken; his wife, Phyllis, 44, had a broken arm and ankle, and his stepdaughter, Carla Corbus, 15, was badly bruised. They were stranded 4,500 feet up, in northern California's Trinity Mountains. Luckily, Phyllis, a North-



ALVIN OIEN



CARLA CORBUS PHYLLIS OIEN
For lack of a beacon.

western University graduate, was a trained nurse, and Oien, a rough, resourceful logger who had worked his way up to ownership of a Portland hotel, was an experienced outdoorsman. There the good luck ended. Last week a hunter discovered the wreck and in it a pathetic diary of the family's ordeal jotted down by Carla and Phyllis in the margins of a flight log.

Staying Sane. Phyllis, delirious the first night, came around the next day only to find her feet frostbitten. Both radios smashed, Carla set out twice for help but was driven back by snow, which fell almost daily for the next eight weeks.

The family took shelter in the plane, melted snow for drinking water, subsisted a while on two jars of jelly and a couple of sandwiches taken on the trip. In mid-March, when Oien was well enough to move, he set out through five feet of snow for help. "At 1:15 p.m. I shouted O.K. and crossed the gully," the diary said. Days later, Carla wrote, "Fear Al did not make it . . . Getting weak . . ."

To stay sane, the women tore pieces from the plane's upholstery and used them for pinochle cards. They took turns writing down different kinds of food they wished they had, gifts they would like. On April 30, Carla wrote, "This is my 16th birthday. I hope you are happy. Search and Rescue. You haven't found us yet. Then, her last entry, on May 4th: "Today is a bright and drippy, drippy day. We are completely soaked."

Search planes had logged 593 hours in 351 sorties, probing an almost constant cloud cover for the little grey plane. Three ground teams had been unable to find the wreckage, and the search was called off after two weeks. "We figured there was no possibility of human

life involved," said Air Force Major Robert Hillier, who directed the search. Nonetheless, the eldest of Oien's three sons, Alvin Jr., 32, an airline copilot from Westlake, Texas, stayed in Redding 107 days, scanned the snow from the air every time the weather broke.

Lost Luck. When the wreck was finally found, the family's luggage was still inside, inexplicably unopened. Lying near the plane amid a crosshatch of animal tracks, the hunter found the scattered bones—gnawed by bears and coyotes—of two bodies. The search for Alvin went on.

The Oien could have been rescued in a matter of hours had their plane been equipped with a crash-locator beacon (\$100-\$300), which shines a light visible up to ten miles and sends a radio distress signal 60 miles. Unknown to them, their two-month drama was lived out only eight miles from busy U.S. Route 299.

HIPPIES

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

It was the most frolicsome funeral in memory. Through San Francisco's Golden Gate Park wended a legion of hippies, the lads bedizened with beads and serapes, the lasses with furs and long velvet dresses. Then came the casket, a 15-ft. grey box labeled "Summer of Love," and behind it an equally out-sized stretcher on which reclined a hirsute "corpse," clutching a zinnia to its breast—symbol of the death of the flower children. Television cameras ogled the scene as the mourners gathered around the casket and filled it with charms, peacock feathers, orange peels, bread (both edible and negotiable), flags,



FUNERAL RITES IN SAN FRANCISCO
Time to flee the plastic scene.

crucifixes, and a marijuana-flavored cookie. As the strains of *God Bless America* and *Hari Krishna* echoed from the pastel hillsides of the Hushbury, the casket was set on fire and a shout went up: "Hippies are dead; now the Free Men will come through!"

Thus last week in the mecca of mindlessness did the hippies proclaim their own demise. It was probably inevitable. Their every antic reported at length in the national and local press; their ranks swelled with thousands of "plastic" or part-time hippies, their language and life-style copied by "straight" society; the hippies of San Francisco have come to feel that hip is no longer a fun trip. As fall weather set in, the bloom went out of flower power, and last week's "Death of Hip" funeral was an attempt to purify the movement.

Indian Givers. The Haight-Ashbury's veteran hippies are unhappy about all the attention they have been getting, about the misuse of drugs in their community, and the rise in disease rates. Many of the plastic flower people have gotten hooked on amphetamines, and these "speed freaks"—who shoot drugs with hypodermics—are passing hepatitis around on dirty needles. Venereal disease has also spread, and too many would-be hippies have allowed marijuana and LSD to become the main focus of their lives. Some of the most serious hippies, alarmed by these developments, have given up drugs altogether. Others have fled the scene.

Since San Francisco is the trend setter in hippiedom, it is likely that the same disillusion will soon become evident in other hippie centers like Los Angeles, Chicago and New York City. Commercialism was rife last week among the "work tribes" of Manhattan's Lower East Side: craft shops were bursting with tourists and the Group Image was busy shooting not speed but a full-length psychedelic western titled *Indian Givers*, in which Guru Timothy Leary plays, of all unlikely roles, a sheriff. Already a gnawing sense of malaise is setting in. Says one of the Group's veteran members, Roger Ricco, 27: "A kid comes up and hands me a flower, and I think, 'Nice.' But it isn't the same any more. Where have all the flowers gone?"

SAN FRANCISCO

The James Gang Rides Again

For most of his life, lean, lobo-eyed Jesse James, now 39, seemed well on the way to paralleling the career of his notorious namesake, though less successfully. A hard-bitten Harlem Negro, he spent a dozen years in Comstock, the Elmira Reformatory and Sing Sing for crimes ranging from narcotics addiction to armed robbery. Out on parole in 1961, Jesse went West and straight—even to the extent of becoming a lay minister in the All Nations Church of God in San Francisco. Last week, in the city's crime-rife Mission district, a new James gang was riding high—train-

ing school dropouts, finding jobs for the unemployed, and putting money in the bank rather than making withdrawals at gunpoint.

Known as the "Mission Rebels in Action," the new James boys are currently 600 strong and reflect the district's ethnic mixture of Negroes, Filipinos, Samoans, Maltese, Indians and Spanish Americans. Before Jesse came on the scene, most of the whilom rebels were headed for the standard non-careers of the neighborhood—petty crime, gang fights or debilitating welfare living.

Hung-Up Manifesto. Then, almost two years ago, a band of young Mission hoods braced Jesse on the street and asked him to buy wine for them. He refused, but later took them to his pad and got them talking about their problems. Perhaps because of his own familiarity with the savagery of the streets and because he avoided any adults-know-best sanctimony, the meet-

ing school dropouts, finding jobs for the unemployed, and putting money in the bank rather than making withdrawals at gunpoint.

Last week Poverty Director Sargent Shriver dropped in on the James gang to see how the money was being spent. Accompanied by Jesse, he looked in on a highly informal catch-up class for high school dropouts, tuned an ear to an aspiring musical group practicing on hongos and guitars, watched a workout in the boxing ring, inspected the carpentry shop where Rebels were hard at work sharpening their skills for union apprenticeship exams, and came away impressed. "This is of the people and for the people," Shriver said. "I believe we should have thousands of groups like it, where the people run it themselves and it's not some big new building somewhere but is really part of the community."

American Dream. Most important, the Mission Rebels' education programs are giving kids who have had no prag-



REBEL BOSS JAMES AND POVERTY CHIEF SARGENT SHRIVER
"Please, we would rather do it ourselves."

ings became a regular thing. James let the kids run their new organization. Soon they were meeting in a Mission district church; then they moved to a three-story warehouse donated by Woodrow Klopstock, a San Francisco real estate investor. The electricians' union rewired the building; neighborhood residents contributed desks, tables and chairs. Marines and Air Force men donated punching bags, while the Rebels themselves decorated the walls with stark drawings and slogans.

Somewhere along the line, the Mission Rebels drafted an eleven-point manifesto for their generation's hang-ups. They declared war on "an image that does not give a true picture of youth"; a community that does not give youth a voice in planning; and an environment marred by substandard education, limited training programs, jobs with no future, adult lack of interest and discrimination. Since then, unlike many a youth group elsewhere, they have won most battles in their genera-

matic preparation for life a chance to savor the exploding, surreal, plastic inevitable. The Rebels have found jobs for more than 1,000 youths, sent 120 back to school. One of them, 15-year-old Garcie Geeter, recently began the ninth grade at Pacific Heights' exclusive Urban School on a \$1,200 scholarship procured by the Rebels. Required reading for Garcie's social studies course, which deals with "the American Dream," is James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, and Garcie remarked with a grin after one session: "You're lucky I didn't lead a revolution right here."

The reason that rebels like Geeter do not revolt is obvious to the scores of youth counselors who have come from Washington, Sacramento and New Haven to study the Mission scene. What most impresses the experts is the motivation of the new-style James gang: its members call their own shots. As a slogan on the warehouse wall reads: "Please, we would rather do it ourselves. All we ask is the opportunity."

THE DESPERATE DILEMMA OF ABORTION

FOR a century, state laws in the U.S. have generally made abortion a crime except where necessary to save a woman's life. The ban is enforced by religious beliefs, medical ethics, fear of social scandal. Yet it is flouted throughout the country—in the same pattern, though not in the same numbers, as Prohibition was decades ago. Written by men, anti-abortion laws cannot quell the desperation of women for whom a particular pregnancy is a hateful foreign object. At their time of despair, women agree with Author Marya Mannes, who reviles such laws as the work of "the inseminators, not the bearers."

How women react to unwanted pregnancy is the most crucial—and least acknowledged—issue in the current debate over U.S. abortion laws. Each year, an estimated 25 million legal abortions occur throughout the world (v. roughly 120 million live births). The fact is that women have always practiced abortion, defying all laws or taboos against it, including the death penalty, which still exists in Pakistan. The inevitable Egyptian papyrus mentions it; Aristotle urged it in general terms, and so did Plato for every woman after 40; Roman husbands were entitled to order it. Anthropologist George Devereux has catalogued dozens of ancient methods—magical incantations, jumping from high places, applying hot coals to the abdomen. Hawaiian women fashioned stilettos representing Kuipo, god of abortions, then thrust them into the uterus. Even now, Ceylonese girls brew an abortifacient by boiling a poisonous yam in cow urine or liquid dung, and then swallow the stuff for seven days.

It is a male theory (or unconscious demand) that women feel deep guilt after abortion. In fact, most women react with a feeling of great relief. None of this should obscure the biological fact that abortion is abnormal, a product of grave medical, economic and psychological pressures. Says a twice-aborted schoolteacher: "No one would go through it unless they had to."

Practice v. Policy

How many women have illegal abortions rather than suffer the far-reaching effects of unwanted pregnancy? Estimates range from 200,000 to 1,500,000 a year in the U.S. (v. 3,700,000 live births). No one records illegal abortions; all statistics are extrapolated from shaky sample studies going as far back as Germany in the 1920s. As for deaths resulting from abortions, which are better recorded, the annual toll is probably about 1,000. No one can accurately add up the number of U.S. women who go to Puerto Rico, Japan, and other places where abortions are easily, if expensively, obtained. The firmest figure is the number of legal abortions (10,000 a year) performed in hospitals—and they are decreasing. In the early 1940s, one pregnancy in 150 was aborted to save women with such diseases as diabetes, tuberculosis and hypertension. Now medical advances have helped to cut the ratio to one in 500.

Today, hospital abortions are usually quite safe, especially during the first trimester of pregnancy. Until the twelfth week, the standard technique is dilation and curettage ("D and C"); a surgeon merely stretches the cervix with dilators, then removes the conceptus with a tiny, scoop-shaped instrument called a curette. After three months, one method is to inject a salt solution into the amniotic sac, thus starting labor contractions that expel the fetus. In Communist countries, where the right to abortion is given or withheld at the whim of the state, a small vibrotilator is inserted in the uterus for 45 seconds; a tiny vacuum then empties the contents. Widely used until the twelfth week, the method minimizes injury, takes only three minutes. In 1964, Czechoslovakia reported no deaths in 140,000 legal abortions; Hungary only two in 358,000.

Despite the safeness, abortion is an emotion-charged equa-

tion: a maternal life saved equals a fetal life destroyed. Out of deep concern for the fetus—as well as tribal survival—men disapproved of abortion even before the Hippocratic oath. The very first Christians called it infanticide; in A.D. 314, the church prescribed ten years' penance for it. Thereafter, theologians debated the point at which the fetus is "animated" with a rational soul and hence murderabie. By the 12th century, abortion was generally not punished by excommunication when performed within 40 days of conception for a male fetus and 80 days for a female, though it was impossible then (as it is difficult now) to fix the time of conception, and no one ever explained how fetal sex could be predetermined. Pope Sixtus V (1585-90) made abortion an excommunicatory sin at any stage of development, but this order was reversed in the year after his death by Gregory XIV, who approved excommunication only after a fetus was 40 days old. In 1869, Pius IX reverted the Roman Catholic Church to the Sixtus position, which holds that ensoulment begins at conception.

Modern Catholic clerics increasingly rely on embryology rather than ensoulment to urge that a newly fertilized ovum is virtually a person because it contains all the cell-creating chromosomes that a human ever has. As they see it, the conceptus is a living continuum from the start, a life that dies only by outside interference. In 1930, Pius XI made it clear that abortion is forbidden, even to save a woman's life, because the fetus is "equally sacred." The church's stand is widely ignored in Catholic countries, which ban birth control and have high rates of abortion as a result. In France, illegal abortions roughly equal—and may well exceed—live births. In South America, induced abortion is the No. 1 cause of death for women of childbearing age. Similar patterns exist in no-abortion Moslem countries: an estimated one-third of Iran's pregnancies are aborted.

In medical eyes, a fetus is usually incapable of independent life before 20 weeks, thus presenting no murder issue in abortion. In contrast to Catholic doctrine, most other Western religions now view the mother's life as primary. Many Jews accept abortion because they regard a fetus as an organic part of the mother and not as a living soul until its birth. The National Council of Churches has approved hospital abortions "when the health or life of the mother is at stake," and many clergymen broadly define health to mean social as well as physical well-being. Last month the nation's Episcopal bishops approved limited legal abortion "with proper safeguards against abuse." The assembly of the Unitarian Universalist Association has decried abortion laws as "an affront to human life and dignity."

In a Legal Maze

The central problem of abortion in the U.S. is that it is governed by criminal law rather than medical knowledge. Following English common law, the early U.S. regarded abortion as no crime before the fetus quickens in the womb (about five months); a miscarriage before 20 weeks still generally requires no death certificate or interment. But starting in 1860, many states outlawed abortion before as well as after quickening. New Hampshire, for example, bans hospital abortion before quickening, even to save a dying woman. The legal maze is extraordinary. In 17 states, unjustified abortion is a felony that carries sentences ranging up to 21 years. In some states, the woman herself can be charged (but seldom is) for cooperating in the abortion.

Prosecution is rare: women do not testify. Yet doctors in most states can never forget that the sole defense is proven necessity to save the patient's life. Only seven states even consider her health or safety. Actually, most hospital abortions are performed for admittedly illegal reasons, notably mental illness and German measles (25% of the 1964 total). Un-

Fortunately, fear of the consequences creates vast inequities. To fend off prosecution, special hospital boards often use quotas and render questionable moral judgments.

The inescapable result is that women able to pay fees of \$300 to \$600 frantically seek illegal abortionists, who seem remarkably available (one middle-class East Coast wife asked five friends, got five names). About 75% of abortionists are doctors, some of them genuine humanitarians. Until he retired a while ago, Dr. Robert Spencer of Ashland, Pa., was considered a saint by thousands of Eastern college girls. Even the police sent him their wives. One New Jersey general practitioner performs 250 abortions a year in his spotless, two-nurse clinic. "Every day I tell myself, 'This is the last,'" he says. "And every day someone else calls and sounds so frightened and alone. I just can't tell them no."

Florida currently has an influx of skilled Cuban refugee doctors who once made Havana an abortion mecca and are now doing the same for Miami, where some 30 abortion mills last year paid off assorted officials and took in an estimated \$20 million. But all too many U.S. abortionists are dangerous defrocked doctors—alcoholics, drug addicts, sexual perverts—or worse, bungling amateurs who don't hesitate to finish a sloppy job by tossing clients off tenement roofs or dismembering those who die. Equally sobering are the slum women who cannot afford even amateurs and do it themselves with haptins, coat hangers and putrid soap solutions, which are often followed by lethal infection. Most desolate of all, perhaps, are those who cannot and dare not abort. Among the poor, who still know little about contraceptives, one result is ever more unwanted children, the key carriers of delinquency, divorce and crime. In 20 years, illegitimate births in the U.S. have more than doubled, to 291,000 a year, rising to 26% of all nonwhite births, compared with 3.6% of whites.

Toward Reform

All the polls show that Americans heavily favor reform. Of 40,089 U.S. physicians who answered a survey by *Modern Medicine* last spring, 87% favored liberalizing the abortion laws—including 49% of the Catholics. According to the National Opinion Research Center, 71% of Americans favor legal abortion if the woman's health is endangered, 56% in rape cases and 55% if there is a strong chance that the baby may have a serious defect. Conversely, 80% are against abortion for unwed girls and 83% against it for mothers who do not want more children—the main seekers of abortion.

As in other sex-law issues, the surveys suggest that Americans tend to disapprove publicly what they practice privately. Now the consensus is having political effects. Last spring Colorado became the first state to legalize hospital abortions on three principal medical grounds. Based on a model code drafted by the American Law Institute, the new statute authorizes abortion whenever a pregnancy 1) threatens grave damage to the woman's physical or mental health, 2) results from rape or incest, or 3) is likely to produce a child with a severe mental or physical defect. Even then, abortions require unanimous approval by a hospital panel of three doctors. North Carolina has followed suit, but does not require panels. California's new law is similar to Colorado's but bars abortion of potentially defective children. In varying degrees, the same formula is up for debate in at least ten other state legislatures.

The key question is whether limited legislation is any solution. In fact, the new laws merely codify what hospitals are already doing. They do embolden doctors, but in practice they may prove more restrictive—and even increase illegal abortions. So it seems in Sweden, which in 1938 enacted a law almost exactly like Colorado's. Far from being an abortion mecca (foreigners are rarely accepted), Sweden puts women through a multifaceted screening that creates excruciating delays: 56% of Stockholm-area legal abortions occur after the 16th week of pregnancy. Bureaucratic paper shuffling often holds up legal operations until the 24th week—producing live babies that sometimes cry for hours before dying. To avoid *de facto* infanticide, Swedish wom-

en flock to Poland for early, efficient \$60 abortions. Apparently, the Swedish government has concluded that the law must be broadened to allow more and faster abortions.

More complicated objections to limited legislation are now being raised by Catholic clerics, who regard Colorado-style laws as a blatant case of state-approved eugenics, never before established in U.S. law. To abort a rubella (German measles) victim, they say, is to rely on the purely statistical chance (average odds: 50-50) that her child may be defective—and to doom a possibly perfect baby in the process. To abort a fetus produced by rape or incest, they say, is to execute the most innocent party in the triangle purely for the mother's social convenience. Even the rapist is guaranteed a trial based on all of law's due-process standards. Why no due process for the fetus? Not only that: some states already grant an unborn child rights of inheritance and recovery for prenatal injuries. Since those rights are contingent on his being born alive, does he not also have a right to be born in order to exercise them?

Conscience & Intelligence

Beyond these profound moral questions, however, lies the stubborn reality that women denied legal abortions go on getting illegal ones—and that those unborn babies get even less due process than would a rape-fetus in Colorado. This leads to the argument that the real immorality is the retention or enactment of laws that drive women to illegal abortion. In empirical terms, the debaters are mired in side issues. Vital as fetal rights unquestionably are, the bedrock problem is not whether the fetus is inchoate and hence expendable, as law reformers claim, or whether it is human and inviolable, as opponents insist. The problem is unwanted pregnancy and how to treat it.

How? The reformers have solid answers: not by public indifference but by more birth control information and family support. Not by moral absolutes toward unwed pregnancy but by moral concern for each concrete situation. Not by punitive laws but by medical freedom to help panicstricken women make rational choices—and if need be, have safe, early, cheap abortions. For both mother and fetus, the reform movement holds, such is the real due process required. Much of this might come about simply by more liberal interpretation of existing state laws. Court cases going back to 1929 give U.S. doctors almost the exclusive right to decide when abortion is necessary to save maternal life; several decisions hold that the danger need not be imminent or certain; in the future, even life-shortening unhappiness might be a legal ground. But few doctors are ready to rely on those decisions in the absence of a Supreme Court ruling.

That leaves state legislatures facing the most important question in the debate: Why not repeal all abortion laws? Last month that suggestion came from Jesuit Theologian-Lawyer Robert F. Drinan, dean of Boston College Law School and chairman of the American Bar Association's family-law section. In attacking the limited-abortion plan, Father Drinan argued that repeal has "at least the merit of not involving the law and society in the business of selecting those persons whose lives may be legally terminated."

Ultimately, of course, the issue may become academic. The rapid development of contraceptives suggests that women may some day become essentially infertile and thus free to decide precisely when they wish to become fertile. Such safe, do-it-yourself abortifacients as the morning-after and the once-a-month pill are also likely to make abortion entirely a private matter. Still, those pills are far from being perfected—and may well run afoul of anti-abortion laws. Meanwhile, even present contraceptives do not solve the abortion problem.

Along with poverty, ignorance and moral strictures against birth control, the unpredictability of human sexual practices makes unwanted pregnancy inevitable. The way to deal with the problem forthrightly is on terms that permit the individual, guided by conscience and intelligence, to make a choice unhampered by archaic and hypocritical concepts and statutes.

THE WORLD

THE WAR

Relentless Pressure

The war, like a seesaw, took two interlocking directions at once last week. American planes took advantage of the last clear days before the monsoon to wreak unusually heavy damage on North Viet Nam. To the south, the enemy shied away from major actions and, bowing to the superiority of U.S. firepower along the Demilitarized Zone, broke off the lengthy siege of the Marine base at Con Thien. Though Con Thien is not yet home free, its relief was a psychological boost to the entire U.S. effort in Viet Nam.

The South. For the past six weeks, in one of the greatest artillery duels in history, North Vietnamese army gunners have rained as many as 900 rounds of big artillery and mortar shells a day on the Marine stronghold two miles south of the DMZ. Last week, as they poked their heads out of their muddy dugouts, the Marines at Con Thien noticed an unusual absence of the harsh hiss of incoming shells. U.S. aerial reconnaissance found out why: in groups of 10 and 15, North Vietnamese regulars were spotted making their way northward out of the DMZ, leaving behind some abandoned gun emplacements. Plagued by problems of supply and outgunned by the U.S. response, which daily included at least 5,000 artillery shells and 1,000 tons of bombs dropped from B-52s, the North Vietnamese, at least for the moment, drastically reduced their barrage. Perhaps moving to higher ground to escape monsoon flooding of their emplacements, they lobbed only 40 or 50 rounds of shells a day on the Marines.

General William C. Westmoreland called Con Thien "a Dienbienphu in reverse," but he added that the Reds would probably be back. Even so, Con Thien represented a U.S. victory. The Marines had taken the best that the Communists could throw at them and had held their ground and fought back valiantly and effectively. Their showing can only have given some pause to Hanoi's war strategists.

The North. In their pre-monsoon onslaught, U.S. flyers hammered relentlessly at North Viet Nam's lines of communication, over which its war supplies are funneled from China and the port of Haiphong to the south. Returning to the normally proscribed 20-mile-wide buffer zone along the Chinese border, U.S. airmen scored direct hits on the previously damaged Lang Son bridge, the major rail link between Hanoi and China. Venturing within one minute's flying time of the Chinese border, U.S. raiders knocked out three previously untouched highway bridges over which the North Vietnamese had

been trucking supplies in an effort to offset the rail delays.

U.S. airmen continued the strategy of trying to cut all rail and road access to the port of Haiphong so that incoming supplies will not reach the war zone. For the third time in a month, they bombed a highway bridge only eight-tenths of a mile from Haiphong's heart, this time dropped the center span. Scratching another target from the dwindling list of forbidden objectives, they hit a fuel dump at Tien Nong, seven miles northwest of Haiphong. The storage tanks were believed to hold 700 tons of oil for North Vietnamese trucks and power stations. The estimate was probably right: smoke from the fire rose more than two miles into the sky.

How effective is the U.S.'s month-old choke-and-destroy bombing strategy? U.S. air experts pointed to the silent cannon facing Con Thien as one example. The artillery shells that the Communists had been firing at the Marines weigh about 21 lbs. to 107 lbs. apiece. If the trains do not run and the trucks cannot pass, shells of that size simply do not find their way south in sufficient numbers to enable the North Vietnamese gunners to match muscle with U.S. Marines.

Into the Barrel

Most of the planes that went on last week's deadly missions into North Viet Nam flew out of Thailand, from which 80% of all U.S. Air Force strikes over the North originate. Of the U.S.'s 40,000 military men stationed in Thailand, some 28,000 are Air Force pilots, mechanics and other ground-support personnel who maintain or fly 300 strike aircraft and 250 support planes from six U.S.-operated bases. Under Thailand's "gentlemen's agreement" with the U.S., the bases are considered Thai bases and are commanded by Thai officers. Thai air police control access to the bases; U.S. air police who help them cannot even carry guns. Command of the American units, however, lies with U.S. wing commanders and their Seventh Air Force headquarters in Saigon.

Defecting Fingerprints. Out of the Thai bases flies the most extraordinary air-combat team that has ever been assembled. From Udon, just 40 minutes by air from Hanoi, supersonic, unarmed RF-101 and RF-4C reconnaissance jets streak into target areas immediately before and after a raid to click pictures. From Korat, Takhli and Ubon come

THAILAND AIRBASES



the F-105 Thunderchiefs and F-4C and F-4D Phantoms that actually deliver the bombs. From U-Tapao airfield in the Gulf of Siam, the largest jet field in Southeast Asia, four-engine KC-135 refueling tankers take to the air and gas up the bombers just before and after they hit the North. From Takhli fly FB-116 electronic-warfare jets with special equipment that can detect the "fingerprints" of enemy radar in the sky and then send out a signal that fouls up the screen below. Flying out of Takhli, F-105s armed with radar-guided Shrike missiles have the job of knocking out SAM sites.

Finally, from Nakhon Phanom comes every pilot's best friend: the air-rescue-and-recovery team. Flying ungainly looking, green and brown CH-30 choppers, or "Jolly Green Giants," R. & R. pilots have even gone into Hanoi's outskirts to rescue downed fliers. Every pilot carries a small radio to bring in rescuers—along with a Jolly Green Giant calling card that has rescue instructions and the pledge: "The bearer of this card, upon being suitably rescued, agrees to provide free cheer at the nearest bar for those making said rescue possible." More than 200 American pilots have been glad to pay off that debt.

Tunnel Vision. On their bombing runs, U.S. pilots need all the sophisticated hardware and know-how they can get. Never have they gone up against such a dense and withering air-defense system. There is flak, small-arms fire from rooftops, increasingly frisky MiG fighters and portable surface-to-air missiles. To complicate their mission, Washington demands high-precision pinpoint bombing to avoid endangering civilian populations; pilots must get in close, fast, and make no mistakes.

Conscious of such restrictions, the North Vietnamese often park their SAM units right in the middle of proscribed areas. "The other day I went in to hit a bridge," one F-105 pilot at Takhli told *TIME* Correspondent Louis Kraar, who was permitted last week to make a rare, one-man visit to the Thai bases. "But I couldn't strike a SAM site because it was near a harbor. We lost two planes as a result." The hottest, most heavily defended area, of course, is the 60 sq. mi. surrounding Hanoi; American pilots call it "the Barrel." "You just develop tunnel vision," says Captain Richard F. Guild, 27, "and simply go right in." Pilots have only 20 or 30 seconds to lay their bombs on target, and they cannot afford to think about anything else.

The job is even trickier for Major Dick Desing, 36, who flies night missions out of Ubon; he must swoop low through enemy fire, seeking out moving trucks and barges with only the glow of his flares to guide him. "You see all the flak coming up, all the guns flashing on the ground," he says. "But you're too busy to be afraid. You're tracking, moving, dropping bombs and climbing." When it is all over and the



100-MISSION TOAST AT TAKHLI AIR BASE
A MiG-21 tastes pretty good after all the cotton mouths.

pilot heads back to Thailand, the reaction is almost always the same: a dry, cotton mouth. "After that, the rest is a piece of cake," says Colonel Daniel ("Chappie") James Jr., 36, the three-war Negro fighter ace who was affectionately nicknamed "Black Panther" in Korea. "You fly back to your base, and go through all the work still to be done—the reporting, debriefing, ironing out the mistakes you made. We try to profit by each other's mistakes. It's a sort of aerial confession."

A Red Carpet. Some pilots, of course, do not get back. So far, the U.S. has lost 689 planes. Their pilots either "buy the farm" (get killed) or end up at "the Hanoi Hilton" (get captured). The three out of four who do get back and manage to complete 100 missions win membership in an elite club that now numbers in the hundreds. When a pilot hits the magic mark, his fellow pilots and flight mechanics roll out the red carpet for his return, give him a rousing, horn-honking parade of fire trucks and maintenance vehicles. In turn, he provides a bottle of champagne, then forks out a month's combat pay that night for drinks all around.

The party may adjourn to the gaudy strip of nightclubs outside the base. Or there is always the officers' club, where one of the favorite drinks is a MG-21, a paralyzing concoction consisting of three jiggers of Scotch and one jigger of Drambuie on the rocks. Some base areas have their own bowling alleys, miniature-golf courses and radio stations that broadcast American pop music. Between their briefings, missions and post-flight critiques, however, many pilots are often too busy or too tired to care much about recreation. The schedule is so hectic, in fact, that the Ubon officers' club feels compelled to post a sign each week reading: "Today is Sunday."

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Voice for the Countryside

South Viet Nam last week entered the second and final stage of its return to constitutional rule. Throughout the country, 1,240 candidates opened their campaigns for the election on Oct. 22 to fill the 137 seats in the Lower House of the new National Assembly. Since many of its members will come from hamlets and villages rather than the big cities, the Lower House will, for the first time, give the people of the countryside a voice in the Saigon government. The new House is also expected to reflect the country's Buddhist majority, thus offsetting the heavy Catholic representation in the 60-man Senate, which was formally sworn into office this week.

The second election campaign began just after the new administration of President-elect Nguyen Van Thieu had won validation of the first. By a vote of 58 to 43, the Provisional Legislative Assembly cleared Thieu's last legal barrier to power. One result of the validation was new trouble in the streets of Saigon, where several elements continued to contest the right of Thieu's administration to rule. Students demonstrated briefly but were quickly contained by police. Thich Tri Quang, South Viet Nam's most troublesome monk, declared a hunger strike beneath his tree opposite Independence Palace. His Buddhist followers announced that 110 monks and nuns were ready to burn themselves alive and that 1,000 would march to Independence Palace early this week. The disorders may be embarrassing to Thieu, but they so far have not amounted to any real challenge to his government.

Cool & Well. In fact, the Thieu administration seems to be settling in well. Thieu has patched up the feud with his Vice President, former Premier Nguyen

Cao Ky, by gradually ceding to him some of the broader, extraconstitutional powers that Ky demanded in return for accepting the No. 2 position. One main Ky assignment will be chasing crooks. Says Ky: "During the next four years, I will devote myself to cleaning the house; otherwise, with corruption rampant in the army and administration, we will get nowhere." With that, he ordered the arrest of the province chief and two aides in the coastal province of Binh Dinh on charges of pocketing \$134,000 intended to reimburse local peasants whose land had been expropriated for a U.S. air base.

Thieu was also trying to convert other rivals into partners. Taking advantage of the split-up of the bloc of presidential losers, he has been trying to widen his own political base. He hopes to choose ministers from a number of different political groups so that his Cabinet will have the complexion of a government of national unity. The only thing that he seems uncertain about is the date of his own inauguration. Astrologers cautioned against holding it on Nov. 1 as planned, since the moon will be spent, its crescent thin and the tides low. Thieu is now considering four other dates: Nov. 2, the first day of the moon's new cycle, or Nov. 3, 7 or 9. All, by astrological lights, are lucky days.

CHINA

A Time of Summing Up

There were all the boys atop the reviewing stand at Tiananmen Square as usual, dressed in their formless grey tunics, trousers and caps and led by Mao Tse-tung himself. The grouping showed no real change in the hierarchy, but last week's celebration of China's National Day was still unusual. Only 500,000 gathered at Peking's Gate of Heavenly Peace, compared with last year's 1,500,000. The parade lasted only two hours instead of the previous four. In place of last year's 20-ft. colossus, there was a new statue of Mao that was merely larger than life.

The accent of the festivities was on the People's Liberation Army, and not on the Red Guard units that dominated last year's celebration. In fact, Mao said not a word; he let the speaking to Defense Minister and Heir Apparent Lin Piao. Lin's message: Now is the time to ease up on the Cultural Revolution and consolidate "The revolution," said Lin, "has won a decisive victory. It has spread to the whole of China. Hundreds of millions of people have been aroused."

Death on TV. They have indeed been aroused, but not quite in the way that Lin and Mao would have wished. Some Sinologists, taking advantage of National Day to sum up their feelings on China, are now convinced that a halt has been called to the Cultural Revolution but that the chaos and dis-

order it has spawned among China's restless masses are far from finished. With the Cultural Revolution, Mao originally intended to sweep away the musty party machinery and replace it with a more revolutionary and popular-based organization. The nucleus of his new organization—a "grand alliance" of loyal government workers, military men and Red Guards—is well established in Peking, Shanghai and five of China's 26 provinces and regions. But in other areas, the Cultural Revolution has only succeeded in breaking down local organizations without supplanting it with any workable substitute.

In such areas, chaos still reigns. Several provinces have reported fighting between Maoists and anti-Maoists, and



MAO (RIGHT) & LIN PIAO ON NATIONAL DAY
They should have called it Army Day.

peasants are said to be massing for anti-Mao drives. The army is trying to restore order in such major cities as Canton, and thus is emerging as a more important force than the Red Guards, who often fight each other. Radio broadcasts have told of rallies at which the pronouncement and execution of death sentences on ten anti-Maoists were cheered by huge crowds; proceedings were carried on television as a warning to Mao's enemies.

Old Deeds. Aside from the outright violence, Mao is faced with the breakdown of the collectivization and central authority that he so brutally imposed on his countrymen. Many factory and farm workers alike are deserting their jobs and turning on Mao. Some peasants are flaunting old land deeds and demanding their farms back. Others are enlarging private plots, expanding their own private markets. Still others are disappearing from their farms

altogether and fleeing to the cities. The result is that much of this year's grain crop, which should otherwise equal last year's 180 million tons, is in danger of remaining unharvested in the fields. In some areas, food prices are up as much as 20% from this spring.

Industry is in even worse shape. In Anshan, which normally produces half of China's 12 million tons of steel a year, several blast furnaces are reported to have been destroyed by recent rioting. There have been consistent reports of trouble in coal mines and of shortages of coal, and a full-scale battle was reported in August at China's biggest oil center, at Taching in Manchuria. "Demons and monsters," Peking's People's Daily stormed a few weeks ago, "deliberately incite one group of the working masses to oppose another and upset the order of production." Not only should workers guard against such "sabotage," but, Peking radio suggested, it would be helpful if they stuck to their jobs and conducted their revolutionary activities afterhours, on their own time.

BRITAIN

Outbluffing the Outraged

Mr. Wilson could have convinced the Titanic's passengers that hitting an iceberg, though unplanned and unfortunate, would eventually lead to valuable improvements in navigation and ship design.

—Manchester Guardian

Wilson could get away with ordering the massacre of the first-born.

—A former Wilson Minister

Such comments, however hyperbolic, are apparently well deserved. Last week, as Britain's Labor Party gathered amid the fading Victorian splendors of the North Seaside resort of Scarborough, Prime Minister Wilson turned what might have been a repudiation of his policies into a rousing personal endorsement. Harold Wilson may not be invincible, but he is certainly inventive. Few British Prime Ministers have managed to make so many problems seem like golden opportunities.

Wilson arrived in Scarborough in the midst of the worst slump since he led Labor to power in 1964. Despite his efforts, the economy remained stagnant (see BUSINESS). Unemployment, at 555,000, was the worst in 27 years, and the trade gap continued to widen, endangering the stability of sterling. Wilson was under attack from just about every faction in his own party—old-line socialists, because he has resorted to Tory-style restrictions on consumer credit and travel allowances; trade unionists, because he has imposed a freeze on wages; intellectuals, because he seemed only concerned with pragmatics; left-wingers, because he supported the U.S. policy on Viet Nam.

Fortunately for him, Wilson had some help at Scarborough. Chancellor of the

Exchequer James Callaghan, 55, took on the task of softening the 1,206 delegates on the crucial economic issue. Bright and incisive, yet unmistakably working-class, Callaghan buttressed his own claim to the No. 2 spot in the Labor Party by successfully presenting Wilson's unpopular deflationary policies as the only sensible way to deal with the "mess" left over from 13 years of Tory rule. Though self-taught in economics (his education ended at the secondary level), Callaghan has a thorough grasp of world finance, and he explained the necessity of tough measures in a common-sense way that appealed to the Laborites. He is thus invaluable to Wilson as the most effective defender of the government's policies. By a narrow 122,000 votes out of 6,300,000 ballots, the party accepted Callaghan's explanations.

Blurred Issues. As for Wilson, he chose to ignore the unpleasant pence-and-shillings aspects of his policies. Instead, he launched into a 60-minute defense of his socialist achievements. "We have stopped the slide to social inequality," he said, adding that he had switched resources from defense to social services—"the right priority for a socialist government." Outlays for education, health and social security had increased by 45% under his stewardship. Unemployment? He hardly deigned to use the word. "We reject the creation of a permanent pool, as they say, of unemployment. Our whole policy is to secure full employment and to secure it on a permanent basis."

On other issues, Wilson won a 2-to-1 endorsement of his plan to join the Common Market, though the chances of British entry were somewhat diminished by a Common Market Commission report that criticized the weakness of the pound. Wilson lost on Viet Nam, when the party, by a narrow margin, ordered him to disassociate Britain from U.S. actions there. But no matter: Wilson was almost certain to ignore the injunction in order to maintain his good relations with President Johnson.

No Grand Plan. Wilson may have conned his party—he got a thunderous standing ovation—but it would be harder to convince his countrymen. Britain's mood is one of drift and doubt. While everyone agrees that Wilson faces severe problems with Britain's low productivity, featherbedding unions and stodgy management, a feeling persists that he has failed to come up with any grand plan that might produce a lasting solution. According to the London Daily Mail's latest poll, 80% of the electorate feels that the government is not doing well on the economic front. Wilson's own popularity has fallen to its lowest level since he took office. If elections were held today, so the polls say, the Tories would win by almost as huge a margin as Wilson's own 97-seat landslide 18 months ago.

The catch is, of course, that Wilson

is most unlikely to call elections much before his present term expires in 1971. By then, he hopes that Britain's economy—and his popularity—will have revived. In the meantime, his problem of riding out the storm is made easier by the fact that the opposition has proved unable to produce a leader who could capitalize on his failures. Tory Chief Ted Heath has proved to be so ineffectual and lackluster that only 35% of Britons rate him as doing a good job. No matter how unpopular a course he may set, Harold Wilson thus remains the undisputed master of his ship.



FRUGGING ON THE QUEEN MARY
Soda is all it takes.

The Unchangeable George

One thing that proved a bit embarrassing for the Labor Party was an incident involving the ebullient George Brown, who is known to enjoy his drink. At a ball for party workers, some 30 photographers zeroed in on the Foreign Secretary. The persistence of the photographers so enraged Brown that he stomped off the floor, shouting that they had prevented him from dancing in peace with his wife Sophie.

Brown's fit of pique fed the normally pro-labor Daily Mirror, whose 5,000,000 circulation makes it London's largest tabloid, to take off after him. "The trouble about Mr. Brown is not that he drinks too much," said the Mirror, "but that he shouldn't drink at all. Genial George was born with so much natural ebullience that all it needs is a splash of soda to make his behavior intolerable."

erable. A double soda will, at the drop of a hat, make George the life and soul of the party, but it is not making him the life and soul of the Labor Party." The paper praised Brown for unquestioned intelligence, but said that "he is George at his worst who sends shivers down our backs, the George who makes an ass of himself at diplomatic soirees and powwows. Too much wow and not enough pow. Mr. George Brown can no longer hope to be accepted and acclaimed as an intelligent Foreign Secretary if he does not display greater reticence over the point at which Genial George, or George the Clown, takes over."

It is, of course, no secret in Britain that George Brown sometimes takes a drink—or that a drink sometimes takes him. On other occasions, he has shown what was considered undue familiarity with members of the royal family the once even asked Princess Margaret for a kiss). At a farewell party aboard the *Queen Mary* last month, he frugged with a series of ladies and reportedly nibbled the ear of one. The photographers loved it, and London's tabloids splashed the pictures across their front pages. The photographers were back in force last week looking for more.

Just as the *Mirror's* attack was extraordinary, so was Brown's response. In a rebuttal on BBC-TV, a totally unrepentant Brown asked, in effect: What was all the fuss about? "I'm not pretending that I don't drink alcohol," he said. "I work jolly hard, many hours a day, and I don't do other things that people might frown on. If you want a Foreign Secretary who does not do anything wrong, I am not the guy you want—and I reckon the fellow you get will not be a very good Foreign Secretary. The country has to make up its mind whether it will accept me as I am, because there is not the slightest chance of my changing."

The Communist in M.I. 6

When Communist Spies Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean escaped to Moscow in 1951 just before British intelligence moved in on them, the big question was who had tipped them off that they had been discovered. The finger of suspicion pointed at Harold A.R. Philby, an officer of Britain's M.I. 6 itself, but Philby was defended in Parliament by Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan and managed to survive two investigations—before himself fleeing to Moscow from Britain in 1963. Still, the public never learned just how big a spy "Kim" Philby really was. Last week two London newspapers—the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*—simultaneously exposed Philby as perhaps the most important spy that Russia has ever had in the West.

Old-Boy Ties. The two papers reached their carefully documented conclusions after months of following Philby's tortuous trail from his college days



PHILBY (1961)

Everything that really mattered.

to the Kremlin. The son of H. St. John Philby, a noted Arabic scholar who adopted the Moslem religion and became chief adviser to Saudi Arabia's King Ibn Saud, Kim was born to rebellion. An "old boy" of an exclusive British public school, he was recruited by the Communists in 1934 while he was studying German in Vienna. His assignment: to penetrate British intelligence, no matter how long it took. The assignment paid off. After a stint covering the Spanish Civil War from the Franco side for the London Times, Philby made use of his old-boy ties and conservative credentials to get a job with M.I. 6.

He rose rapidly. By the end of World War II, he was chief of British counter-Soviet intelligence operations. In 1948, he became head of British intelligence in Washington, helped organize the CIA. He was even considered eligible to become chief of the entire intelligence apparatus of M.I. 6, although some of his colleagues felt that he drank rather too much and did not belong to quite the right clubs. All the while, Kim Philby managed to carry the art of espionage several steps farther than any double agent before or since.

Consummate Duplicity. As British counterintelligence chief, he knew every strategic secret—from the development of new nuclear weapons to troop deployments—that might interest the Russians; his job was to track down and tell his government exactly which secrets had been penetrated by Russian spies. From that position, he 1) kept the Kremlin up to date on everything that really mattered, 2) selected which secrets to tell the British that the Russians knew about, and 3) told the Russians which secrets he had told the British they knew about.

As head of British intelligence operations in Washington for more than two years, Philby was often called upon for advice by the CIA, which was being set up to replace the wartime Office of Stra-

tegic Services. Philby especially hated the success of U.S. capitalism, and he happily told the Russians about the CIA's projects and organization. Along the way, he received regular briefings on U.S. intelligence operations from CIA Chief Walter Bedell Smith and knew every counterintelligence move that the CIA made. When he was finally dismissed from M.I. 6, it was only at the insistence of the CIA, which had discovered his role in the wake of the Burgess-Maclean case. Even then, he was protected by his old-boy colleagues until 1962, when the confession of another Moscow spy implicated him beyond all doubt. Despite this, he was given a confidential warning that action might be taken against him, and given more than a month to disappear. Now employed by a Moscow "publishing house," Philby lives in a small apartment with the divorced wife of Donald Maclean.

Aside from his extraordinary career as a traitor and a spy, he can claim another distinction. Because of his consummate duplicity, he is undoubtedly the only Russian agent ever to have been decorated with the Order of the British Empire and to have been awarded the Red Cross of Military Merit, an unwittingly fitting tribute from Franco Spain.

THE CONGO

No Sad Farewells

The private mercenary brigade that has managed to baffle the Congo government for three months agreed last week to pack up and leave the country. Belgian Planter Jean Schramme and his force of 150 white "meres" and 1,000 black Katangese have controlled the town of Bokavu in Kivu province and the territory around it, ever since they hurled back battalions of Congolese troops sent to put down their revolt. They have managed to keep the Congo government on edge with their threats, raised doubt about the effectiveness of law in the bush, and sullied the prestige of President Joseph Mobutu. Their departure, if it really comes about, is bound to make the Congo a more stable place. Under terms of a document signed by Schramme, the International Red Cross will arrange to have the whites flown to Malta and the blacks sent to Zambia in southern Africa.

Mobutu also moved last week to remove another source of domestic trouble—the Congo's galloping inflation. Partly because of unrest over his economic policies, he reshuffled his Cabinet, replacing nine of its members. What Mobutu would like to be rid of most of all is Moise Tshombe, his old political foe, for whom, he insists, Schramme's men were bringing pressure on his government. With the mercenaries gone, Mobutu may work harder to persuade Algeria, which holds Tshombe prisoner, to send him home for execution.

UGANDA

Tough Shepherd

As a herdboy on his father's tribal lands in northern Uganda, young Apollo Milton Obote often pondered how it would be to govern people rather than sheep or goats. Speaking to his charges as if they were human and he their chief, he soon discovered that keeping them in order required him both to prod them along and win their cooperation. Now the President of Uganda, Obote is governing his country in much the same way. Last week, as Uganda's 8,000,000 people prepared for this week's celebration of the fifth anniversary of their independence from Britain, Obote seized the occasion to drive into oblivion Uganda's four hereditary monarchs under the terms of a new constitution that gives him powers approaching those of a dictator.

The 90-page constitution that Obote shepherded through his compliant Parliament makes him the head of government, chief of state and commander in chief, provides that the President is "not bound to follow the advice of any person or authority." It deposes the bespangled kings who since independence have had considerable powers to govern their own kingdoms in a federal system. For purposes of governing, it breaks the country up into 18 districts, slicing the largest and most recalcitrant of the kingdoms—Buganda—into four pieces.

Black Ostrich Feathers. The constitution is tougher in tone than the one that Obote presented last year. That one led to a revolt in Buganda and forced Obote to order his troops to storm the palace of King Freddie, the Kabaka of Buganda, who is now exiled in London. "One people, one destiny, one country, one Parliament and one government," demands Obote, who feels that tribalism had hopelessly fragmented his country. But Obote has also tried to win the people over. As a conciliatory gesture, he let almost 3,000 crims-

Foto: J. W. BROWN



APOLLO MILTON OBOTE

All for one, and one for all.

Henry McKenna's remarkable Kentucky Table Whiskey: The Bourbon with a Brogue:

Once there was a strong gentle Irishman from the Parish of Ballinascreen in County Derry. His name, which was to become quite famous, was Henry McKenna.

In the year 1837 Henry McKenna followed his own private rainbow to America, to seek his fortune.

And before long he settled and prospered among the soft rolling meadows and quick tumbling streams of Nelson County, in Kentucky.

Henry McKenna built a fine little mill by his own limestone stream and from every window of that mill he could look out on the deep velvet green of hills that are very like the hills of Ireland.

And he began making whiskey by hand.

There were many men then, and there are now, making honest bourbon whiskey among the sweet green hills of Kentucky.

But among all the fine local whiskies, the handmade red bourbon table whiskey from McKenna's little mill in Fairfield was considered exceptional from the first.

It commanded premium prices then, as it does today.

There is a rare gentle character to Henry McKenna's bourbon whiskey. It sits happily on your tongue. This is a charming whiskey, a lovely lilting whiskey, a bourbon with a brogue.

And like most charming things, it is a bit of a mystery. We do not know why Henry McKenna's bourbon tastes so good.

The formulas for making fine whiskey have existed for hundreds of years. Henry McKenna didn't invent them. Perhaps there is some special quality in the water. But we have had this water analysed and the scientists say no. Maybe the very

softness of the air in Fairfield, Kentucky works some unknown magic on the whiskey as it ages. This much is certain: bourbon made to exactly the same proportions twenty miles away from the old McKenna mill at Fairfield does not taste the same. It is good whiskey but it is not Henry McKenna.

We do know this. Henry McKenna truly loved fine whiskey and his still was as much of a hobby for him as a business. He would not mash grain unless it was the best grain.

He would not pour a drop of his whiskey until it had achieved his standard of maturity, which was demanding indeed.

So maybe the difference in Henry McKenna's bourbon is simply that he loved it more. Love works wonders on people and plants and animals. It could account for the happy taste of Henry McKenna Bourbon.

We like to think so.

And we try to give the bourbon we make today the same care and affection that has been the good heritage of Henry McKenna Bourbon for more than a hundred years.

You can buy McKenna's handmade bourbon today. It is not available everywhere.

But it is worth seeking out.

Our bourbon comes in fat half-gallon earthenware crocks (where state laws permit), or in basic bottles. From Fairfield, Kentucky. With love.



Henry McKenna

"Only an Irishman could love whiskey enough to take this much care making it."

When you're first
in Color TV,
there's got to be a reason.



See "Star Trek" on RCA Victor Color TV. Shown above: The Hathaway

- Like Automatic Fine Tuning that gives you a perfectly fine-tuned picture every time.
- A new RCA tube with 38% brighter highlights.
- Advanced circuitry that won't go haywire.
- And over 25 years of color experience.
- You get all this and more from RCA VICTOR.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

inals and political prisoners out of jail to join in the *uhuru* (freedom) anniversary fete. He has won over many former opponents, including Freddie's brother, who now echoes that "tribal jealousy and friction have brought Uganda to a standstill."

To make their transition to retirement less harsh, Obote is arranging severance pay for the kings in amounts ranging from \$25,000 for the ex-Queen of Bungoma, who stayed behind when Freddie fled, to \$70,500 for the Omukama of Bunyoro. Obote has confiscated, however, most of the splendid trappings of royalty. He sent a dump truck to cart off the Omugabe of Ankole's throne, his velvet ceremonial robes, his gilt crowns and his fat royal drums of buckskin. Last week the aging, potbellied Omukama of Bunyoro watched sadly as his regalia of silk robes and black ostrich-leather headdresses were taken away to be mothballed in the basement of a government building. With baggage packed, he now waits to move out of his palace to quarters that will be provided by the government. As for King Freddie, Obote does not seem to have thrown a farthing his way. Freddie complains that he is broke, but he should get a bit of a boost from the publication in August of his book, *Desertion of My Kingdom*.

The Milton Hilton, Obote, who took two years in politics and economics at Makerere University College in Kampala, is cunning and tough. Five years of his rule have brought Uganda a modicum of stability, expanded trade and improved intertribal relations. In the capital of Kampala, Obote's modern outlook is symbolized by the dozens of new office and apartment buildings that brace the skyline. Nearing completion is a skyscraper hotel bearing on its roof a six-foot neon sign with Obote's first name. It has been nicknamed, naturally, "the Milton Hilton."

MIDDLE EAST

Greeting of the Week

To the 2,500 Jews still in Egypt, on the occasion of the advent of the year 5728 on the Hebrew Calendar, went Rosh Hashana greetings from a fellow Semite: Gamal Abdel Nasser.

SYRIA

Increasing Isolation

Of the three Arab nations cloistered by Israel in last June's brief war, the one that got off easiest was Syria, whose terrorist raids on Israel had sparked the whole conflict. Syria lost the least territory and the fewest men, was left saddled with the smallest refugee burden and, to its everlasting discredit, came out with much of its military armor unscathed by combat. With hardly a pause, the Syrians thus took up their prewar belligerence right where they had left off. If anything, the Baath-

ist Party members who rule the country have become more brazen; even Egypt's Nasser cannot match them for extremism. They have not only cut themselves off completely from the West but are increasingly isolating themselves from other Arab nations, and even from their own people.

Foreign Frivolities. Last week the government-run Damascus radio declared that "the land that has been taken away from us by force can only be recovered by force" and accused Israel of preparing another aggression against Syria. Laborers in Damascus dug roadside trenches in anticipation of an aerial bombardment from Israel. Wall posters depicted a gargantuan Arab crushing a tiny Israel beneath his boot. Khaki was the predominant color among the milling crowds in the *souk* (bazaar). Most of those in the street seemed to be either policemen, soldiers, or members of one or another of Syria's plethora of paramilitary organizations, ranging from the "Volunteer People's Army" to the Futtawa youth corps.

In a xenophobic frenzy, the Baathists have banned all Western newsmen and tourists, along with such Western imports as neckties, cigarettes and refrigerators, which are now called "foreign frivolities." Education Minister Suliman Al Khish is pursuing a policy that he calls "foreign cultural evaulation." The regime is doing away with most French and English classes in Syrian schools. It has just taken control of Syria's 885 private schools, many of which are church-run, thereby evoking the combined wrath of the Moslem Mufti of Damascus and the Roman Catholic Patriarch of Syria. It has also "nationalized" the textbooks in these schools to make sure that they contain a proper dosage of socialist doctrine.

Baathist Brinksmen. Most Syrians are fed up with the Baathists and tired of the endless propaganda barrages. Both at home and abroad, the trio of ruling Baathist generals, led by Salah Jadid, find themselves with more foes than just the Israelis. In Lebanon, exiled Syrian politicians, including former Premier Amin Hafez—whom the Baathists overthrew last year—meet regularly to plot a return to power. Jadid has lately been at odds with the civilians through whom he rules. Chief of State Nureddin Attassi, who is believed to favor a somewhat more conciliatory policy toward Israel, recently walked angrily out of a conference with the generals. In a Cabinet shake-up this month, Jadid gave four comparatively minor jobs to moderates, but actually consolidated the control of the most important posts in the hands of his Baathist cronies.

Not even the Russians, who have replaced 60% of what military equipment Syria did lose in the war, are happy with their Baathist friends. Privately, Soviet diplomats worry that the Baathist brinksman may provoke another blowup in the Middle East. De-

spite their disclaimers, there is no doubt that the Syrians assist El Fatah terrorists who are at work in Israel-occupied West Jordan. Once again, the Fatah are fleeing from Israeli police into Jordan, thus inviting Israeli retaliation against the Jordanians, whom the Baathists want to provoke into a more militant policy. Israeli General Haim Herzog warns that Israel will have no part in this ruse but, if provoked too much, will "extirpate this sickness at the source"—meaning Syria.

In their last triumph of the war, the Israelis seized Syria's Golan Heights, from which the Syrians had regularly fired upon Israeli territory, and could easily have gone on to Damascus. Now, with Israel firmly encamped on the heights and showing no disposition ever to return them to Syria, the road to Damascus is open even wider than before.



HUSSEIN WITH SOVIET PRESIDENT PODGORNY
Promising game.

JORDAN

Wily King

While the Syrians stewed in their isolation, Jordan's King Hussein was playing his own kind of game. Off he went to Moscow to confer with Soviet officials, who offered him both military and economic assistance "in principle" but mentioned no specifics. That was just fine with the King; he preferred not to sign anything and to keep the promises general. Thus, without obligating himself to the Russians, he can use their offers of help to show Washington and London that he has other places to go if they do not give him what he wants. As for the Israelis, Hussein told the Russians that he is willing to make contact with them through a third party and do some good old-fashioned horse trading—a proposal that Israel had already rejected as insufficient.

PEOPLE

The closer his shaves with North Vietnamese MiGs and flak, the longer grew Colonel Robin Olds's mustache—an exuberant pair of chestnut handlebars that sprouted ever more proudly through 152 missions and four confirmed Communist kills. Now Olds, 45, has been reassigned Stateside as commandant of cadets at the Air Force Academy, a bastion of U.S. military tradition that forbids "wives, horses or mustaches" to cadets. Olds sought a face-saving clemency from the Commander-in-Chief, appealing that general Air Force rules permit mustaches that are "closely and neatly trimmed." But I.B.J. refused to be drawn into the thicket of regulations, and so Olds's soup strainer will come off.

So the Beatles are rich, but it's still pretty cool to turn down \$1,000,000 for a single day's work. That's just what the lads did though, spurning an offer from Promoter Sidney Bernstein, entrepreneur of their 1964 and 1965 trips to the U.S., of \$1,000,000 for two same-day performances at New York City's Shea Stadium. It's not that the money doesn't seem evergreen, explained Beatles Flack Tony Barrow, but that the electronics problem makes the boys so blue. "Until they have devised some way of presenting the 1967 sound onstage," Barrow said, "they will not make appearances. Mr. Bernstein might not mind if they sang some of their old songs—but the Beatles would mind."

With special permission from the headmistress, Mummy plucked her out of her ninth-grade class at the Chapin

tic trance" when the fishing boat found him drifting in heavy seas; his food supplies rotted by salt water and an old red sweater flying from the mast as a distress signal.

Moved by a spiritual restlessness so intimate that she has confided it only to her pressagent, **Mia Farrow**, 22, will make a pilgrimage in January to Shambhala, in Kashmir, to sip wisdom at the court of Maharsi Mahesh Yogi, show biz's leading swami, whose doctrine of "pure thought" has already captivated the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Though Hubby Frank will finesse the trip, Mia will be accompanied by her sister Prudence, 19, who plans to establish an academy of transcendental meditation in Boston when the girls get back. Mia's announcement had one immediate effect: Shirley MacLaine, 33, was driven to reveal that she, too, will seek her soul's betterment in Kashmir just as soon as her movie schedule permits.

He had been "kinda jumpy" earlier that morning, according to his son, but his voice betrayed no nervousness as he took the oath, with his wife, two sons and President Johnson among the witnesses. "I, Thurgood Marshall, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeable to the Constitution and laws of the United States. So help me God." With that, Mr. Justice Marshall, 59, son of a sleeping-car porter and great-grandson of a slave, became the 96th man to sit on the Supreme Court—and the first Negro.



MARSHALL & WIFE
Without respect to persons.



ROBIN OLDS

With no help from the Chief.

School in Manhattan and drove her to Maximilian's fur salon. And then, next thing she knew, there she was on the runway—two endless legs stretching up toward an encompassing smile, as **Margie Lindsay**, 14, daughter of New York's photogenic mavor, made her modeling debut at a press preview of Maximilian's new collection. Margie modeled coats of calf, lamb and otter ("Mink is for 20-year-olds," said the tutri) to loud applause before being hustled back to school. "She wanted to do it," said her mother. "I told her she'd have to ask her father. He's such a stage buff; of course he said yes."

"She thinks it's the only way to fly," observed **Richard Burton**, 41, explaining why he had bought a "Hawker Siddeley de Havilland Twin Jet 125, one million dollars, seats ten, two beds, toilette, kitchen, bar, 600 miles per hour." Name **Elizabeth**. The munificent gift to Mrs. B. was a token of "the huge success of *The Taming of the Shrew* of which we have a very large percentage," said Burton. And no worry about the family coffers being depleted. The Burtons are tucking another \$2,000,000 under the mattress in Sardinia, where they are making *Godot*, the hopeful new title of Tennessee Williams' two-time Broadway flop, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*.

For the second time in two years, Solitary Sailor **William Willis**, 74, was plucked out of the mid-Atlantic by a rescue vessel during an attempt to sail his open, 114-ft. *Little One* from the U.S. to England. Willis, who has twice made the 7,400-mile journey from Peru to Samoa by raft, was picked up by a Polish fishing boat 1,000 miles from England, 90 days after leaving Montauk Point. The grizzled sailor was in what he described as a yoga-inspired "cataple-



MARGIE LINDSAY
With permission from Daddy.

When an Avis girl winks at you, she means business.

The Avis Winker Code



1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.

2 winks: It's a compact.

3 winks: It's a convertible.

There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

If the Avis girl at the next counter winks at you, you're in business.

One wink means she can put you into a shiny new Plymouth inside of three minutes.

Two or three winks mean you can have a compact or a convertible.

(See Avis Winker Code at left.)

That is your signal to leave the line, come to the Avis counter and get a car without waiting. We will even accept No. 1's credit card.

But if the Avis girl winks more than three times, please disregard the message.

It's strictly against company policy.

If your doctor recommended
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read what doctors are reading
in their medical journals today.

that the food
collected might
be sent to the
broadcasting
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Mr. Hounslow said.
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Soft Chiffon The safflower oil margarine

Highest in polyunsaturates,
lowest in saturated fat of
all margarines. Ideal for patients
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• All these considerations, in addition to the typical iodine valence of 0.544 and the relative valence of 0.533, support the iodine content of 1.3%.



Scotch Scotch.

Scotch Scotch is what you graduate to.

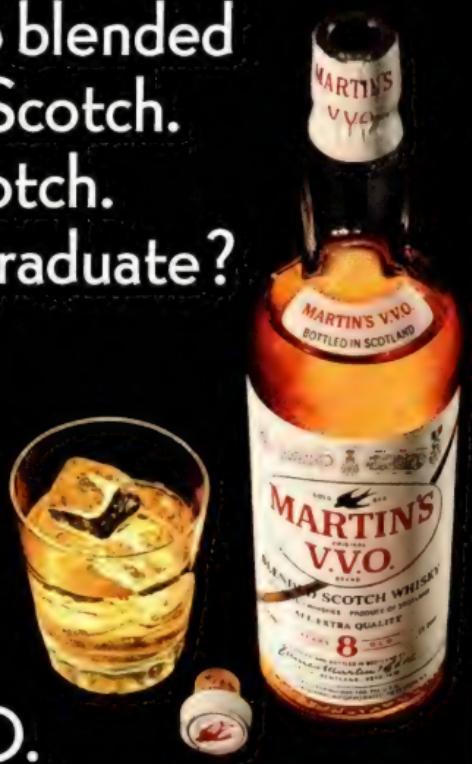
In terms of taste. In terms of maturity. Yours.

From beer. To blended whisky. To plain Scotch.

To Scotch Scotch.

Why wait to graduate?

Martin's V.V.O.



TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Getting the Message

Is Man from U.N.C.L.E. a TV hit because people like spy stories or because they are fascinated with David McCallum's thatched hairdo? Did John F. Kennedy outscore Richard Nixon in the Great Debates through the force of his arguments or because he projected a "blurry, shaggy texture?" Does football draw better than baseball on TV because everything happens with simultaneous near-confusion on the gridiron as opposed to the slow sequential order of events on the diamond?

The suggestion behind these questions goes to the root of Marshall McLuhan's theory that "the medium is the message." McLuhan, the communications gadfly who wrote *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *Understanding Media*, is the proponent of some slap-happy notions (The "jazz babies" of the 1920s caused the Depression by not caring about work). But his most fascinating idea is that television is a "cool, low-intensity" medium that projects a fuzzy image, compared with "hot" print and film. This means that the TV image demands the viewer's involvement by requiring him to complete the picture himself through his own imagination. Hence, there is no need for television to project an orderly or "linear" progression of a story; the viewer takes care of that himself. In other words, TV's first principle is that form counts more than content.

Murky Stories. Television men have been kicking these ideas around for a couple of years, but it is only recently that a network official decided to take McLuhan on. Writing in the current issue of *Television Quarterly*, CBS Public Information Vice President Charles Steinberg, a Ph.D. specializing in communications, called McLuhanism "an amalgam of camp and voodoo," "semantic nonsense," and an "alienation of humanity." And besides, he added, it flies in the face of "conventional wisdom."

Steinberg, who does not pretend to speak for CBS management, never defines precisely what he means by conventional wisdom. Still, the effect of his argument can be seen in the CBS program line-up. Like NBC and ABC, Steinberg's network devotes a lot of time to news, public affairs and respectable, "cultural" programs (*Death of a Salesman*, the *Young People's Concerts* series). But CBS's regular programming emphasizes situation comedy and old-wave adventure: *The Lucy Show*, *Gomer Pyle* and *Guinness*, all more or less tell "linear" stories. The NBC and ABC standard schedules could be called slightly more McLuhan-esque—*I Spy*, *Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Dating Game*, *N.Y.P.D.*; their murky story lines are sub-

merged in frantic action or personal interaction.

These distinctions are only general, but they are also tantalizing enough to constitute a basis for debate within the networks. NBC Audience Measurement Vice President Paul Klein and MGM-TV's sales coordinator, Herman Keld, argue that McLuhan is essentially right. Keld, for example, predicted that Joey Bishop, a "hot" nightclubs comic who comes on strong, was bound to start out at a disadvantage in audience ratings when he went on the late-night air for ABC against "cool" Johnny Carson. He was right, and when Bishop decid-

cian played two of the three reels out of sequence. Twenty-one million people watched the show, but the network got only a peep of protest.

While none of the networks is ready yet to line up 100% for or against hot or cold programming, TV decision-makers are nevertheless pondering McLuhan's implications. They have already seen that some of the most adventurous and entertaining productions on the screen are the TV commercials that get their messages across through imagery rather than hot, hard sell. Eastern Airlines' Miami campaign, for example, shows a smoke-filled nightclubs scene in which dancers gradually emerge through the murk. It's pure McLuhan, and it sells tickets.



U.N.C.L.E.'S MCCALLUM

If you're hot you're cold; if you're cool, you're getting warm.

ed to switch to a low-key approach, his ratings improved.

Youngsters especially reflect the McLuhan notion that plot is less important than image. Says Klein: "Television-oriented people don't care about stories. There's no need to tell a story with a beginning, middle and end. They care about people doing things, and all at once." What makes *I Spy* successful, adds Klein, is not plot ("They are silly or nonexistent") but an interesting and warm relationship that is projected by the two lead spies, Bill Cosby and Bob Culp. *The Monkees*' story line defies logic, but the show is a hit with the kids. *U.N.C.L.E.* swings chiefly through gimmickry aided by action—not to mention what Keld calls the "taetle, TV hair" of Illya Kuryakin. Some of NBC's custom-shot movies (*World Premiere*) de-emphasize plot; yet they get remarkable ratings.

Classic Goof. For further evidence that plot progression is not essential for TV, the McLuhans cite the classic gool on CBS in 1965. The network was running a Hollywood movie, *The Notorious Landlady*. Inadvertently, a techni-



EASTERN AIRLINES COMMERCIAL

VARIETY SHOWS

Plenty of Nothing

In the quick-shift, sudden-death world of television, only two things are constant: commercials and *Ed Sullivan*. While the rest of the industry celebrates a three-year run as something akin to a three-minute mile, Sullivan is hosting his 20th season on the longest-running show in the history of TV. Governments have fallen, wars have been won and lost, generations have passed into manhood, but the Mount Rushmore of TV endures. Each season the reappearance of his granite visage on Sunday evenings inevitably provokes the same old question: What exactly is Ed Sullivan's talent?

He doesn't sing. He doesn't dance. He doesn't tell jokes—at least not intentionally. His malapropisms ("I would like to prevent a new singer"), his curmudgeon barker pleads for applause ("Let's hear it for the Lord's Prayer!"), and his penchant for forgetting names (Singer Polly Bergen is invariably introduced as Barbara Britton) are part of TV lore. His winsome looks and quirky manner-

isms—such as hunching his shoulders and reeling around like Quasimodo doing the lindy—still bring serious letters from shut-ins commanding his courage for appearing despite such an obviously bad case of Bell's palsy. Jabbing and pointing his finger like a traffic cop, he once brought on a hypnotist with the familiar "Here he is!" and poked the poor fellow in the eye.

"Get Lost." If for no other reason, Sullivan seems to have endured simply because he is such a fertile subject for mimicry. Comics who have played the show liken him to "a greeter at Forest Lawn cemetery," crack that "he is one of the few men who can light up a room—just by leaving it." Perhaps the

a certain pursing of his lips as the kiss of death. After the run-through, he huddles with his son-in-law, Producer Bob Precht, and jiggers the sequence of acts, deletes some and pares others from 10 minutes to 90 seconds.

Known in the trade as "the Pope of Video," Sullivan keeps a sharp lookout for anything that might be suggestive. He recently disapproved a Playtex bra commercial because "we don't want to show a girl in a filthy thing on a day when everyone's been to church and all." After he signed Elvis Presley for a record \$50,000 for three appearances, Sullivan would not allow the camera to show the singer's gyrating pelvis. "He may be a purist," says Comic Jack

Cement Mixer. Burt Lancaster doing aerobatics, Jayne Mansfield playing the violin, Lauren Bacall reading *Case at the Bar*, and James Cagney and Jack Lemmon dancing.

To keep abreast of new talent, Sullivan is out most nights until 4 a.m., prowling theaters and nightclubs; in the summer, he spends six weeks abroad rounding up Swiss bell ringers, Japanese jugglers and enough animals to stock the Bronx Zoo, including such rare species as a water-skiing elephant and a piano-playing dog. For many years, his scout on the Chicago vaudeville circuit was the late Poer Carl Sandburg. "He got us the Australian wood-chopper act," says Sullivan proudly, "and the fellow who stitches his fingers together with a needle and thread."

Sure as Mass. Sullivan says that he would like to smile more, but he claims that his stiff upper lip is a habit that he cultivated after having his teeth shuffled while playing high-school football. He has since got new choppers, but he hesitates to flash them because he feels that his friendly-undertaker look has become an important part of his image. With a weekly salary of \$20,000, ratings that have placed him in the top 20 for most of two decades, and advertisers waiting in line to spend \$52,000 for 60 seconds of air time, he is not about to change anything. He says that he has learned to control his celebrated temper and swears that he no longer dashes off such angry letters to critics as the one he sent to Harriet Van Horne when she was TV columnist for the N.Y. World-Telegram: "Dear Miss Van Horne: You bitch. Sincerely, I'd Sullivan."

His feuds have cooled too. Gone are the days, he says, when he dismissed Walter Winchell as "a cringing coward" and Hedda Hopper as "downright illiterate" for printing "garbage" about celebrities; during his frequent clashes over the pirating of talent, he put down Steve Allen and his manager as "two punks" and squelched Arthur Godfrey with the line, "By the way, what does he do now?" (He hosts a CBS Radio morning show.) During a contract dispute with Frank Sinatra some years ago, Sullivan took a full-page ad in Variety to lambaste the singer for "false and reckless charges"; Frankie countered with his own ad calling Sullivan "sick, sick, sick." Such is his relative benignity that the worst he can say for his old competitor Jack Paar is that he is a "thoroughly no-good son of a bitch." That's spelled s-o-n.

Now 65, Sullivan is mumbling again about retiring, but no one believes him. Sure as Mass on Sunday, Old Stone Face will be back next season with yet another "reels big show" and everyone will be asking the old question: Perhaps the best answer is given by an old Sullivan regular, Comic Alan King. "Ed does nothing," he says. "But he does it better than anyone else in television."



SULLIVAN WITH MANSFIELD



WITH NUREYEV



WITH PIAF

Simply because he's first with the best.

most telling quip about Sullivan's secret of screen longevity came from Fred Allen: "He will last as long as someone else has talent." To Sullivan, there is no mystery. "I am," he says matter-of-factly, "the best damned showman on television."

His talent, he explains, is his ability to spot talent. More precisely, as the single most influential starmaker in TV, he shrewdly uses his power to gather, pay for, juggle, condense, cut or otherwise shape the talent to the needs of his show. He takes no guff from stars, advertisers or agents. When Beatles Manager Brian Epstein told him, "I would like to know the exact wording of your introduction," Sullivan coolly replied, "I would like you to get lost." The one influence that guides his taste is "public opinion, which is the voice of God."

Deadly Purse. The voice—as revealed to Sullivan—speaks on Sunday afternoons, when an audience is invited to watch the dress rehearsal. Pacing the stage like a disgruntled midwife, Sullivan keeps his baleful blue eyes on the hall. What the audience likes he likes, and performers have come to recognize

Carter, "but you can't argue with the fact that he knows his audience."

Finger Stitcher. And his audience knows him—as a straight, if sometimes confusing, pitchman whose lack of polish is somehow his shining virtue. "There's too much damn talk on TV," he says. "Other variety shows have skillful and amusing hosts, but they spend too much time getting into the act. The most difficult thing in the world is to shut up. Besides, whoever said a master of ceremonies had to be a glamour boy? What counts is the kind of product he puts out."

With a weekly budget of \$150,000 and a vast network of talent scouts, Sullivan's product sells chiefly because it is first with the best. His first show, in 1948, introduced a young comedy team named Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Since then, he has presented the U.S. TV debut of such performers as Edith Piaf, Clark Gable, Maria Callas, Humphrey Bogart, Jackie Gleason, Marian Anderson, Julie Andrews, Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn, and the Beatles, not to mention such oddities as Liberace and Rose Stevens singing

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Take our word for it, you will never see an ad like that from us again. Ever.

We've got nothing to be apologetic about anymore. And the biggest reason for that is the Renault 10.

The Renault 10 has been in the hands of American drivers for over a year now, and it's holding up like the tough little car it is.

Naturally, we knew it was a rugged machine before we introduced it. It had to be. Our comeback depended on it. Only

now, we're not alone in that opinion.

The word about the Renault 10 is getting around. And for us, there's a kind of justice in that.

Back when things weren't so hunky-dory, the talking almost killed us. Now the talking is giving us a whole new life.

This past year, for instance, we sold 85% more cars than the year before. And there's no end in sight.

Frankly, we have no one to thank for all this but ourselves. We have gone at it with a vengeance.

We made sure the Renault 10 would deliver an honest 35 miles a gallon.

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We made sure that 4 doors, 4 disc brakes, undercoating, and a lot of other things would be standard. Not optional.

We made sure every dealer in the country could get virtually any part within 48 hours.

We made sure the automobile would just plain stand up.

In short, we made sure that we would never have anything to apologize for again.

And, so help us, we never will.

RENAULT



The Renault 10

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Confession to Counseling

Roman Catholics are confessing less but profiting from it more. In the past two years, U.S. parish priests admit, attendance at the confession box—once a Saturday ritual for legions of devout Catholics—has fallen noticeably. "I would say that confessions are at least a third less than they used to be," says Monsignor James A. Davin of St. Bernard Church in Mount Lebanon, Pa. At the same time, many renewal-minded Catholics are approaching the confessional in a more meaningful way—not as a mechanical means of cleansing their souls of sin but as a life-giving encounter with a forgiving God.

The practice of confession has firm Biblical roots: the Epistle of James advises: "Confess your sins to one another, that you may be healed." In the early church, penance was usually a public ritual at which penitents openly proclaimed serious wrongdoings before the assembled congregation. Not until 1215 was confession to a priest made the norm for the church, by the Fourth Lateran Council. According to canon law, Catholics must confess any mortal (serious) sins before receiving Holy Communion, and as a rule they are expected to do so at least once a year.

At the Grill. Priests see many reasons for the decline in frequency of confessions. One cause is the emphasis in the post-conciliar church on the primacy of conscience—which means that lay Catholics are now far more certain of themselves as to whether or not they have sinned. "I used to consider anger a sin," says one Los Angeles housewife who goes to Communion frequently, although she has not been to confession since Christmas. "But now I simply don't feel guilty about yelling at the kids." Another is the repugnant medievalism of confessional practice—lining up before a dark, grilled box to recite one's inner secrets to an unseen judge.

Many priests now report that Catholics entering the confessional are more serious about the experience. "Where we used to get I swore, I lied, I disobeyed," now we're getting more conversation about the problems of life," says the Rev. Frederick Collins, Catholic chaplain at Harvard. Adds Monsignor Joseph Alves of Boston: "I find that people are more concerned about justice and charity than they ever were before. Their concentration is on recognizing the serious sins of racial bias and paying money for political jobs." Priests who work with college students report that boys are less worried about "how far" they went on dates, more interest-



NOTRE DAME PRIEST & STUDENT PENITENT
Conversation about the problems of life.

ed in seeking advice on how to build a genuine relationship with girl friends.

The role of the priest has changed as well: he is less of a judge, more of a counselor. "A legalistic church was very easy," says a Dominican in Seattle. "I could say to a person 'you are wrong,' exact promises from him never to do it again, give him absolution, and slam the sliding door. But that isn't what confession is all about." Theologian James Burtheaell, 33, of Notre Dame, describes the priest's new confessional role as "non-directive counseling," by which he means "not giving advice but helping you talk your way through problems you already know the answer to but can't face."

Outside Church. The new conversational spirit of confession means that more and more encounters between priest and penitent are taking place outside of church. At numerous Catholic colleges, chaplains will hear confessions in their own rooms, or even while walking on campus. Many priests no longer insist that penitents recite a detailed account of their sins, prefer free-form discussions about their wrongdoing. Occasionally, devout Catholic husbands and wives will approach a priest together for a joint examination of their spiritual failings, prior to individual, private confessions.

Dissatisfaction with the conventional form has led both priests and laymen to speculate on new ways to practice confession. Many theologians favor some form of return to the early church custom of group confession—it is done in many Protestant churches. In some Dutch churches, members of a congregation mentally express their sorrow

for sin while publicly reciting an act of contrition, then receive absolution in a group from their priest, though private confession is available for those who want it. Still other Catholics have questioned whether confession need always be made in the presence of a priest. Although there are obvious dangers involved, at least a few speculative thinkers have proposed that Christians might be allowed to gather in penitential services to confess their errors to one another in the manner of a group-therapy session, or perhaps have the option of confessing to trained lay counselors as well as clerics.

PRESBYTERIANS

Concern v. Concerned

Every major U.S. Protestant church by now can be roughly divided between members who favor greater involvement in social issues and those who feel that the church should stick to the problem of helping individuals find salvation. Within the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (Southern), this division has hardened to the point that some church leaders fear a potential schism precisely because the divergent views have become embodied in well-established pressure groups.

Representing the liberal outlook is an organization of ministers and laymen, founded four years ago, called A Fellowship of Concern. Now boasting a membership of more than 5,000, the fellowship has an influential journalistic voice in the *Presbyterian Outlook* (circ. 9,000). Church officers credit the organization with helping to promote such actions as recent general assemblies as a series of strong statements on racial equality and the 1966 vote to join nine other denominations in the Consultation on Church Union.

The voice of conservatism in the church comes from a group called Concerned Presbyterians, which has a full-time field director who lobbies for its outlook with local congregations, and whose members help support a new and extremely orthodox seminary in Jackson, Miss. Concerned Presbyterians fear that the church's increasing involvement in social issues is a radical departure from its historic traditions. The group, explains its president, Miami Rektor Kenneth Keyes Sr., "would like to return the church to its basic purpose—leading unsaved souls to Christ. We think that the individual Christian should be involved, but we do not think that the church should enter into these matters."

Church leaders worry that the growing strength of these two organizations could crystallize into irreparable hostility. In April, 30 leading Presbyterians published an open letter in several church journals, warning against the possibilities of rift. Last week Southern Presbyterian Moderator Marshall Dendy of Richmond announced that he had invited leaders of both factions to a peace parley in Atlanta next January.

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\$298,800 a year. This year. In twenty years it's going to sound twice as frightening. Because it's probably going to cost you twice as much to have the same number of people write the same number of letters. In 1955, for example, a secretary to type those letters cost \$4,539 in salary and overhead. Today it's \$6,396. At this rate, in 1977 she'll cost almost \$10,000.

It's been happening like that in offices just about every twenty years. Salaries double, productivity doesn't.

Why

Because people, working with pencils and typewriters, can't produce any more for \$10,000 a year than they can for \$4,000.

A secretary who types and re-types a man's longhand notes or takes his thoughts in shorthand, then types and re-types them, is still producing usable words at the same basic rate she was twenty years ago.

A fact which really makes the question of cost academic. Because 1947 productivity just isn't enough. At any cost.

There is so much paperwork to be done today, and so much coming, that it's actually going to reach a point where no matter how much you're willing to increase your salaries, or pay overtime, or pay part-time help, you're just not going to get the work out.

We are running out of people to process paper.

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Which means that at a time when paperwork is increasing faster than the number of people to do it, a company can handle the increase with the people who are available.

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The Soft Whiskey,
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183,050,268 bottles.
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SPORT

BASEBALL

Heroic Tale

There are those who hold that the World Series is one of the most exquisite tortures devised by man. Take two baseball teams, put them through a grueling, 162-game pennant race, then pit them against one another in a short, four-out-of-seven series with the world championship riding on the outcome. No wonder the hapless Los Angeles Dodgers committed six errors in one game last year, three of them by Outfielder Willie Davis. And yet more often than not, all the fierce pressure produces some of the year's best baseball and brightest heroes—as it did last week at the start of the 1967 Series between the National League's St. Louis Cardinals and the American League's Boston Red Sox.

Not that anyone expected less. Though few experts picked St. Louis for the pennant at season's start, Manager Red Schoendienst's Cardinals were clearly the class of the league, soaring home with a huge 103 game lead and the kind of statistics fans like to brag about—a .263 team batting average and five pitchers with wins in double figures. So it was hardly surprising that they went into the series as 3 to 2 series favorites, while Boston was still reeling from one of the most frantic four-team pennant scrambles in American League history. That the Red Sox made it at all was due largely to the heroes of their two stars: Leftfielder Carl Yastrzemski, .326 average, 44 home runs, 121 RBIs, who got seven hits in his final eight times at bat, and Fireballing Righthander Jim Lonborg, 25, who locked up the pennant and his 22nd victory (v. nine losses) by cutting down

the Minnesota Twins in the very last game of the season.

Back to the Burglar. In the first game of the Series last week, all the heroes belonged to St. Louis. On to pitch came Veteran Righthander Bob Gibson, 31, twice victor over the New York Yankees in the 1964 World Series, twice a 20-game winner, and well on his way to another big season before a line drive broke his left leg last July. If there were any lingering effects, they certainly did not show. Boston's one real hit was a fluke homer by Pitcher Jose Santiago; only six other Red Sox batters even got to first, and in the strikeout column stood ten big Ks. With that kind of pitching, all it took to wrap up the game was a pair of runs, both of them supplied courtesy of Leftfielder Lou Brock, 28, the Cards' hard-hitting (at .299) lead-off man and baseball's most artful burglar since Maury Wills decided to go straight. Lean, whip-pet-fast, a master of getting the jump on a pitcher, Brock has stolen no fewer than 189 bases in the last three years, and reform never entered his head last week. Four times he came to bat, four times he singled; twice he stole second, and once he went all the way from first to third on a hit to leftfield. All that scampering around produced two runs and the ball game 2-1.

Boston's heroes immediately began plotting revenge. Soon after the game, Fenway Park was the scene of a vignette that would have brightened the eyes of any mother whose kiddies hate their homework. While most of the other players were sipping beer in the locker room, there in the batting cage stood Boston's idol, the man they call Yaz-Tremiendouski, taking batting practice, while Coach Bobby Doerr called "Keep your hands high! Quick, now! Snap those wrists!" For 30 minutes it continued before Yaztrzemski was sat-

isified. "Tomorrow," he said, "I'm gonna get three hits."

The Blast and the Brush. Which, since he is Yaz, is just what he did. Stepping up to bat in the fourth inning he cracked a fastball into the rightfield bleachers, then blasted another even deeper into the stands with two on in the seventh, and followed that with a line drive single in the eighth. Total RBIs: four. One would have been enough. On the mound now was Boston's other ace, Jim Lonborg, fully rested and feeling mean. Always the possessor of smoking fastball, Lonborg had only a so-so record until the spring when Pitching Coach Sal Maglie convinced him to be less of a gentleman out there: a little brush back once in a while keeps the batters nervous. Result: Lonborg led the league in hit batters (19)—and also in strikeouts (246).

His very first pitch of the second game sent Lou Brock spinning back from the plate; two pitches later Brock popped out to short. That set the pattern. Unable to dig in against Lonborg's low, fast stuff, one after another of the Cards went down—three, then six, nine, twelve. As the tension mounted, 24 Cardinals came to bat, and not one got a hit. At last, with two out in the eighth, St. Louis' Julian Javier looped a hanging slider into leftfield for a double. Lonborg threw his hands to his face. "It was utter agony," he said later. "I really thought I had it." What he had was plenty good enough. Retiring the next four batters, he gave Boston a 5-0 shutout to even everything up, and capped the fourth one-hitter ever in World Series history.

Cast Off & Clutch. It was all such a tough act to follow that the third game in St. Louis had to suffer by comparison—except that most of the agony was in the Red Sox dugout. Four pitch-

FRANK HURLEY, N.Y. DAILY NEWS



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DAMASCUS WINNING WOODWARD
Music in the

ers gave the Cards ten hits and five runs, and once again, Lou Brock was the messenger of doom. He scored his third and fourth runs of the series, the last on a line single by Roger Maris, that Yankee cast-off who now hustles like a rookie for the Cards, with three hits and three RBIs in the first three games of the series. The real glory boy, though, was Righthander Nelson Briles, 24, until last week a journeyman speedballer with only four complete games all season. He allowed the Red Sox seven hits and two runs, but for nine long innings last week no one could fault him in the clutch—least of all Carl Yastrzemski, whom he forced into ground outs three times, all three of them with men on base.

HORSE RACING

Steel from Damascus

It took only two minutes in the \$107,800 Woodward Stakes at New York's Aqueduct race track to convince the few remaining doubters that Mrs. Edith Bancroft's Damascus is 1967's top three-year-old. That became abundantly clear when Damascus flashed under the wire a good 10½ lengths ahead of Dr. Fager, who beat him in the Gotham Stakes this April. And that was the least of the triumphs. In their first meeting at the Woodward, Damascus put a quick end to all speculation about whether he was a better—or at least sounder—horse than Ogden Phipps's four-year-old Buckpasser, winner of 25 of 31 starts and racing's third-greatest tail, \$1,462,014 money winner. By the quarter pole, Damascus had opened a five-length lead on Buckpasser; at the finish, the margin was an incredible ten lengths and growing with every stride.

In a sense, it was the *coup de grâce* for mighty Buckpasser. Soon after the race, Trainer Eddie Neloy announced that the strapping horse would run no more, would retire to stud in Kentucky. It seemed a sound decision. Since



WITH BUCKPASSER AT LEFT
and Duffy for the parade.

early last year, Buckpasser has been afflicted by painful cracks in his right forehoof; this year, the condition became chronic, and without making excuses, said Neloy, "it definitely compromised his abilities in the Woodward."

Testing the Temper. No such ailments seem likely to cut short Damascus' career. Sired by Sword Dancer, himself a two-time winner of the Woodward, Damascus is as sound as his steely name and just beginning to test his temper. In his first campaign last season, he won three out of four starts and \$25,865 in purses. So far in 1967, he has won 11 out of 14, including both the Preakness and Belmont Stakes. Winnings this year: \$723,651, which puts him within easy reach of the one-year record of \$752,550 set by Nashua last year.

If Damascus has any flaws, they are the kind that a shrewd trainer and top jockey can handle. Unlike Kelso, who was practically a pet around the stable, Damascus has a high-strung, rankish personality that sometimes loses races. Favored at 17-10 odds in the Kentucky Derby, he was already sweating before the start, folded in the stretch, and wound up third. To keep him calm in the stable, Trainer Frank Whiteley has now put a radio in his stall. Whiteley also dips the colt's protective leg bandages in a peppers solution to stop him from chewing on them. And to ease pre-race jitters, Damascus is usually the last to enter the track, parades to the post in the soothing company of an old lead pony called Duffy.

Once out of the gate, says Jockey Willie Shoemaker, Damascus has all the heart anybody could want, is at his best running off the pace, then comes on strong in the stretch. The one problem is to prevent him from loafing a bit once he gets out in front. "You have to keep after Damascus, and when you do, no horse can beat him," says Shoemaker. "This colt is as good as any I've ever ridden."



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THE LAW

LABOR LAW

Enforcing One Injunction, at Least

"The defendant union, powerful though it may be, is nevertheless insufficiently powerful to disdain with impunity the law and the court. Ironic indeed is the fact that this basic lesson in elementary civics must be taught anew to, of all pupils, the very persons to whom we daily entrust our offspring for training and development as the leaders of tomorrow." So wrote New York Supreme Court Justice Emilio Nunez last week as he ruled against the United Federation of Teachers for ignoring a court injunction and striking New York City's public schools. U.F.T. President Albert Shanker was given a \$250 fine and a 15-day jail sentence. The union itself was fined \$15,000.

The ruling marked the first enforcement of the state's new Taylor Law. Last month it replaced the Condon-Wadlin Act, which had required such harsh punishment that it was rarely enforced. (Transport Workers President Mike Quill was jailed during an illegal strike in 1966, but the penalty was for contempt of court, not violation of Condon-Wadlin.) The Taylor Law is an attempt to deal with a growing tendency among public-employee unions to ignore injunctions and strike anyway (TIME, Sept. 29). It holds unions responsible, where Condon-Wadlin used to be aimed against the individual employee. When the U.F.T. ignored Judge Nunez's injunction, the result was inevitable, at least in Nunez's mind.

The union's argument, he said, "is specious and sham." The son of Span-



ESCAPEE GREEN AFTER RECAPTURE IN 1953



SELLING CARS TODAY

Forging something worthwhile out of brass.

ish immigrants who learned his respect for the law while working in the fish markets by day and law school by night, Nunez concluded his lecture to the teachers with a stern stricture: "Law means nothing unless it means the same law for all. This strike against the public was a rebellion against the Government; if permitted to succeed, it could eventually destroy Government with resultant anarchy and chaos."

Shanker so far has neither paid the fine nor gone to jail; his lawyer announced that he and his union plan to appeal, thus providing the new law with its first real test.

CONVICTS

Self-Made Lazarus

At the moment, Teddy Green is a car salesman in Boston. He is pretty good one, too, with an unusual spiel. He tells customers that Fords are reliable and have great pickup—which is why he always chose them when he was stealing getaway cars. For Teddy Green used to be a bank robber; he got out of jail just four months ago. "I feel like Lazarus," he says, risen as he is from the living death of what was once a 56-year sentence. Unlike many ex-cons, however, Teddy has refused to mope; instead is coping by making a virtue out of his background. There is hardly a Bostonian who has not heard his story. He has been invited to lunch at the Harvard Club, addressed Wyndham girls' school, and appeared on radio and television. A twelve-part series under his byline has just finished running in the Boston Globe.

He has plenty to tell. The son of a Greek immigrant, he decided early to go for easy money rather than the legitimate proceeds of the small restaurant chain his father had built up from a pusheart. He began by swiping a

briar pipe and a pair of sunglasses from a parked car, eventually worked his way up to an armed stick-up. Caught and locked up, he proceeded to pry a board out of a fence around Mattapan State Hospital, where he was under observation, and began an ancillary career: jailbreaking. When the police got him back, they kept him for five years; when he got out, he says, "you might say I took up bank robbing as my vocation. In about two years, with various accomplices, I made eleven withdrawals. There wasn't much planning—none of that movie stuff with diagrams and stopwatches. We'd just pick a likely spot, go in and do the job."

Cheering Section. Eventually fingered by an informer, he got his 56-year sentence in 1952. After eight months in Charlestown State Prison near Boston, he doled a guard's coffee, stowed away in a box of rags and was shipped out. He made it to New Jersey, where he fell afoul of another stoolie pigeon. Back he went to Charlestown. Next, he and five others managed to sneak in some guns and build a ladder. The idea was to pin down the lone tower guard with gunfire and climb the ladder over the wall. Everything went as planned, except that at the key moment two of the cons jumped on the ladder and it came crashing down. "This was broad daylight," remembers Green, "and all 300 inmates were watching. It must have been the first break in history with a cheering section. They were hollering: 'Get that ladder up!' When it crashed, everybody yelled, 'Get it up again!'"

They did not; several months in isolation followed. But Green was not cured. In 1955, he sawed his way out of his cell, but the alarm went off before he and his confederates could get any farther. Desperately, they took over a cell block, and an 84-hour prison revolt



SHANKER AFTER SENTENCING
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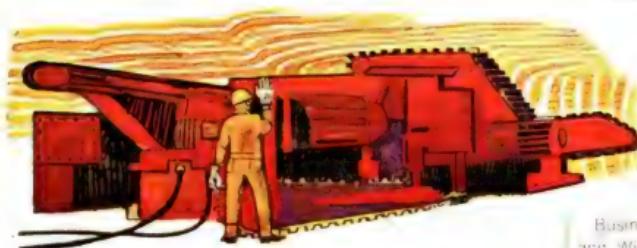


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began that 38 state policemen and an Army tank could not quell. It only ended when Ringleader Green's daughter pleaded with him to surrender after extracting some promises of reforms, he did. Some promises were kept, but Green was on his way to Alcatraz, the federal pen for troublemakers.

Non-Frivolous. There he turned more and more to yet another specialty—jailhouse lawyering. This did not mean giving up efforts to break out; he and three friends built and hid the necessary parts for a kayak to paddle off "the Rock." But the law seemed a more promising way to freedom. He read lawbooks voraciously that also read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* all the way through from A to Zygoté—four times. In all, he eventually filed 56 appeals on his own behalf, and not one, he says proudly, was "a frivolous motion." Judges came to know him. "Undaunted, Green has tried again," wrote one with affection. And undaunted, Green got to the U.S. Supreme Court a few times. He was unsuccessful there, but other suits eventually managed to get 30 years tacked off his total sentence.

Out on parole, Teddy found a journalist friend who helped get him the auto-selling job. But he is well aware that precious few other ex-cons have the brains and brass to forge the sort of legitimate life he seems to be making. An outspoken backer of prison reform, he recommends that long sentences he dropped in favor of indefinite ones so that a man does not lose hope. He also feels that an inmate should be paid for prison work so that he can help support his family and build up a cushion to help make the transition to life on the outside.

It would help, of course, if all ex-cons were as unquenchable as Teddy Green. The other day, when a bank cashier refused to cash a check for him, he went straight to the credit manager. "I'm Teddy Green, the bank robber," he said. He had, in fact, once robbed a branch of the very same bank. The manager did not blanch. Quite the opposite. He checked Teddy's credentials, found them solid, cashed the check.

LAWYERS

Report to the President

The annual report on the Harvard Law School to University President Nathan Pusey has just been published. An excerpt: "More and more law school facilities have come to be looked on as quarries from which persons may be chosen for important posts in public service. On numerous occasions they have left the Law School faculty, often on very short notice. But the process is difficult. The disruption is considerable, and one may be pardoned for wishing at times that his faculty was somewhat less attractive to the practical world."

Author of the report: Dean Erwin Griswold, newly chosen by President Johnson to be U.S. Solicitor General.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Art of Endowing

Academe's massive fund drives no longer aim exclusively at new buildings and expanded facilities. Since the bigger need now is to meet annual operating costs, mainly in teachers' salaries, there is a new emphasis at many universities on setting up endowed chairs. At the same time, sophisticated benefactors have found that giving their names to a professorship is more satisfying than simply seeing them carved on the donor's plaque of a new building.

Columbia University's current \$200 million fund drive is centered around the creation of 100 new academic chairs, each to be backed by \$750,000 in endowed funds. A primary goal of a new \$52 million academic-improvement program at Notre Dame is to set up 40 endowed chairs at \$500,000 each. Harvard, which has more than 300 endowed chairs, has been able to create 90 of them since 1959. The public universities are eying the same kind of financial help. The University of Minnesota is trying to find donors for 20 chairs, while Wisconsin already has 64 chairs and is seeking more.

High Prices. The price tag on academic chairs is high. The minimum at most prestige schools is \$500,000, which, at a 5% return a year, provides up to \$25,000 for the professor's salary. Yet the pursuit of such money is well worth a school's time and energy, since endowments free operating funds. Stanford Provost Richard Lyman considers endowed chairs, next to outright unrestricted gifts, "the best possible long-term financial base for a university."

The prestige of endowed chairs, normally named for the donor or someone he wishes to honor, often helps a university land top scholars. The glitter of endowment helped hold Sociologist David Riesman at Harvard as the Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences. Among Yale's 25 Sterling Professors are Historian C. Vann Woodward and French Literary Critic Henri Peyre. The State University of New York landed Nobel-prize-winning Physicist Chen Ning Yang for a state-subsidized \$100,000 Albert Einstein Chair in Science. Endowments frequently support visiting professorships, such as one at the City College of New York, named after C.C.S.Y. President Buell G. Gallagher, which this year is held by Indian Sitarist Ravi Shankar.

To land chair money, fund raisers often cater to the specific interests of the potential donors. Conservationist Laurence Rockefeller, for example, endowed a professorship of outdoor recreation at the University of Michigan.

Named for Lawyer John W. Sterling, an eccentric, meticulous bachelor who helped defend such famous 19th century figures as Jim Fisk and Henry Ward Beecher, willed his entire fortune of \$16 million to Yale in 1918.

Corporations can often be tapped for chairs allied to their interests, such as one in pediatric nutrition supported by Mead Johnson & Co. at the State University of Iowa.

Successful Technique. Usually, the best way to land a donor is by appealing to his desire for intellectual distinction. As Columbia College Publications Editor George Keller puts it: "You can feel almost like a Medici prince—personally responsible for a distinguished professor's livelihood and scholarship." One successful technique is that used by California's tiny Claremont Men's College, which has set up ten endowed professor-



Like a Medici prince.

ships since 1958. "The best way to do it is to take the great teacher who will occupy the chair to meet the prospective donor," contends Claremont Presidential Assistant John Payne. "The result is often electric."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A Claimant to Power

Who should set policy for the nation's public schools? Traditionally, this power has been invested in nonprofessional school boards and professional superintendents. In the wake of several bitter strikes, teacher's organizations are demanding a bigger voice in the establishment of educational goals.

There is some justice in the teachers' claim to power. Those now in charge of the schools, particularly in the big cities, have failed miserably—and teachers cannot be blamed for overcrowded classes, inept texts, pre-Sputnik curriculums. Even the injection of billions of dollars in federal funds, designed specifically to spur innovation, has largely bypassed the classroom teacher. Of some 700 federal grants awarded last

year in Michigan, teachers were not consulted in 80% of the cases.

Kicked on the Floor. In practice, school boards have relied mainly on top school administrators and superintendents to decide which new pilot projects, textbooks and course changes to try out. But as teachers insist on having a larger share in setting policy, notes Harvard Graduate School of Education Dean Theodore Sizer, "the superintendent has been kicked on the floor—teachers are dealing directly with the school board."

In theory, a superintendent or principal is a top teacher who has earned promotion; shoving him aside seems self-defeating, even from the teachers' viewpoint. Yet the best teachers tend to shun administrative chores, particularly detest the humdrum courses in educational administration that many states require in order to qualify for supervisory posts. One result, concedes B. Frank Brown, the innovation-minded superintendent of Florida's Brevard County, is that many administrators are "former coaches, who get by with a pitch, a smile and flimflam." Others become mere paper-shufflers.

Potential Pedants. But if school boards lack technical knowledge and administrators get buried in bureaucracy, are teachers' organizations the best hope? Not necessarily. The trouble with many union groups is that they are dominated not by the best teachers but by mediocre timeservers primarily worried about job security and self-benefits. And as many supervisors point out, teachers do not fully exercise the discretionary powers they now have to try new approaches in the classroom. Although there are signs that more bright, open-minded students are taking up teaching as a career, the majority of new teachers are still potential pedants who have been trained in old-fashioned "methods" courses at second-rate schools.

Toxic Divisive. The biggest danger in the drive for teacher power is its divisiveness, setting teacher against school board, teacher against administrator. The obvious answer is cooperation and a spirit of partnership. One approach is that of the Pittsburgh schools, where a teacher-dominated professional advisory commission consults with the superintendent on all matters relevant to the education of students. Pittsburgh teachers even get extra pay to develop new ideas on curriculums and texts. In Chicago, union representatives meet monthly with the school superintendent to discuss educational policy and sit on curriculum committees.

While final decisions should be made by public boards, all three groups—boards, administrators and teachers—directly need to reach an understanding on just what sort of education is most needed in the schools today. And toward that end, teachers, who are in the best position to judge what is happening to their students, have a duty to handle their increasing power in a socially responsible way.

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MUSIC



DUBLINERS MCKENNA, KELLY, BOURKE, SHEAHAN & DREW

Saturday night, just before the cops arrive.

FOLK SINGERS

Long Gone Macushla

To some listeners, Irish folk music suggests a vista of the Wee Folk prancing in a Donegal sunrise, described in the sad sweet tones of John McCormack. But Ireland is currently in the middle of a folk-music craze similar to the one that swept the U.S. in 1963, and Macushla's blue eyes would turn glassy at the sound of it all. The undisputed leaders of the revolution are The Dubliners, five bearded, brawling musical assailants whose style is just about as far removed from the McCormack idiom as *Sgt. Pepper* is from *The Chocolate Soldier*.

Looking a little like 2½ boxes of Smith Brothers cough drops, these sons of the Dublin working class offer a musical effect somewhat like Saturday night in a pub just before the police arrive. Bass Ronnie Drew, 33, whose voice is like nothing so much as a bullfrog with a hangover, bestrades the line with occasional forays a mile or so off pitch. Tenor Luke Kelly, 26, gives out what might be the mating call of a rusty file. Banjoist Barney McKenna, 27, Tin Whistler Ciaron Bourke, 32, and Fiddler John Sheahan, 28, round out the onslaught with glorious disregard for niceties such as time or tune.

Stoned. Audiences on both sides of the Irish Sea find The Dubliners' pandemonium somehow endearing. Their record of *Seven Drunken Nights*, a woozy chronicle of just what its name implies, has passed the quarter-million sales mark, with *Black Velvet Band* just behind. Two weeks ago, a sellout crowd of 25,000 at Dublin's National Stadium matched the group roar for roar, and last week The Dubliners headed an all-Irish bill at London's hallowed Albert Hall.

In repertory and insolence, The Dubliners resemble superficially the long-arrived Irish-American group, The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, but the Clancys have slipped in Irish esteem because of what some observers feel is an increasing slickness. Whatever the sensitive ear may find wrong with The Dubliners' current style, it has nothing to do with slickness or lack of authenticity. When the group raises the roof in praise of drinking, for example, the lads are working from personal experience: they are lip-smacking veterans of the informal hooleys and singsongs at Paddy O'Donoghue's in Merrion Row, the pub celebrated in J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*.

No Laughing Matter. Most of The Dubliners' arrangements are appropriately home-brewed from traditional materials that the boys have assimilated on their pub crawls. At its frequent best, their hard-edged raucousness restores even the most familiar ballads to the folk sources where they were spawned. A song like the traditional *Weird Waile*, which the Clancys turn into a laff riot, comes off in The Dubliners' brawny hands as the grisly epic of infanticide that it actually is. The often sentimentalized *Rising of the Moon* becomes in the Dubliners' version a powerful, harrowing hymn of revolutionary heroism.

Following the current English tour, the group returns to home base for dance-hall engagements through Christmas. No American tour has been booked as yet, but that seems only a matter of time. So far, however, The Dubliners have betrayed no hankering after Clancy-sized wealth. "It's no ambition of mine," croaks Drew, "to be a part of a pop industry. I don't want my individuality to be taken away by any success."

ORCHESTRAS

How It Should Be Played

The Vienna Philharmonic is 125 years old this year, and so is the New York Philharmonic. Last week at Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall, the festivities merged as New York began its fall season by vacating the stage to the Viennese. In the Green Room at intermission, New York's Leonard Bernstein (who guest-conducted Beethoven's *Leonora Overture No. 3* at the concert) embraced Vienna's Karl Böhm and wondered aloud whether the two orchestras might not be brother or sister.

If they are, the family resemblance is faint. Although the Vienna Philharmonic responded to Bernstein's exuberant beat with a reasonable facsimile of the razor-sharp New York sound, it played for Böhm with the familiar tone that has made it one of the outstanding groups in orchestral history.

The Vienna Philharmonic sound is that of an idealized chamber ensemble, a creamy, homogeneous, pliant blend of wind, brass and string tone that hovers in the air. Trumpeter Helmut Wobisch, the orchestra's manager, ascribes the sound in part to the peculiar nature of Vienna's brass instruments, wider in bore than those used in American, French and British ensembles, and handmade of exceptionally thin metal, producing a blendable tone without the usual cutting edge.

But an even better explanation for the Viennese sound probably lies in Vienna itself and its justifiable smugness where music is concerned. "Our grandfathers played for Beethoven and Brahms," explains Concertmaster (one of four) and Philharmonic President Walter Barylli, "and they passed this knowledge on to us. We know how they should be played."

To maintain its pipeline to the immortals, the orchestra employs only Austrians. Its members' built-in self-assurance serves a dual function. On the one hand, this guarantees a standard of performance for which the men themselves will fight, no matter who is on the podium. On the other, it can create a special kind of psychological hell for whoever dares to mount that podium.

Democratic Anarchy. Not surprisingly, the orchestra runs itself, choosing its managerial board from within its ranks and voting its conductors on or off the podium at will. It has 154 playing personnel, all of whom are actually employed by the Austrian government as musicians for the Vienna State Opera. They decide among themselves which members are to get together in their so-called spare time to give ten pairs of concerts as the Vienna Philharmonic, and which will make up the opera orchestra on which nights. This kind of shifting personnel might seem like a mindless way to run an orchestra, but the saving grace in Vienna is the philosophy that the Philharmonic way of life is larger than life itself.

People needing help from people; it's as simple as that.

Now, as a result of the recent war in the Near East, there are about 200,000 new refugees. Men, women and children who have suddenly lost everything but their lives.

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These people neither started the war nor finished it. They just got run over by it. They need the help of other people, and they need it now, before they start to die.

That is the reason for the Near East Emergency Donations (NEED) committee. NEED is collecting as much money as possible as quickly as possible to help these new refugees live through their upheaval.

The honorary chairman of NEED is Dwight D. Eisenhower. The board and executive committee are made up of leaders of American business, government, education and journalism. Money that NEED collects from both corporate and individual donors in the United States will be channeled through

the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). Although NEED will have its own executive officers in the Near East, it is UNRWA that has the organization and experience to turn money into the right food, medicine and shelter and distribute these necessities where they will do the most good.

In terms of the future, NEED believes education to be the most important step that can be taken now towards giving these people the opportunity to become self-supporting. And so, UNRWA will also turn money into new schooling facilities for continuing the disrupted educations of hundreds of teacher-trainees and thousands of elementary and junior high school students.

Please give whatever you can, as quickly as you can, to NEED. Even though it may only be a little, a little will help.

All contributions are fully deductible for federal income tax purposes. Checks should be made out to NEED and sent to NEED, Inc., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

NEED

Near East Emergency Donations

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Here it is!



"Tar" less than 7 mg.
Air-Cooled filter.
Good easy draw.
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This is the one they'll have to beat.

*Carlton delivers 70% less "tar" than the average filter king.

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SCIENCE

ARCHAEOLOGY

Volunteers at Masada

Assembled in battle array below the great rock fortress of Masada, the 5,000 men of the Roman Tenth Legion begin their charge, superbly equipped and ready for the task ahead. Above them, behind the ramparts of the fort, 967 Jewish Zealots brace for a last desperate defense. The setting is not the western shore of the Dead Sea, where the outnumbered Zealots committed mass suicide in A.D. 73 rather than surrender to the Romans, but Manhattan's Jewish Museum, where a panoramic display of exquisitely detailed models will open this week depicting the last days of Masada. The fact that visitors to the museum will see Masada as it was has been amply guaranteed by a 1st century historian and a remarkable contemporary archaeological expedition.

In his lengthy account of the battle of Masada, Historian Flavius Josephus described in meticulous detail the participants, the strategy, the topography and Masada's elaborate buildings. Modern historians had little else to go on in their studies of Masada because of its inaccessible location and difficult terrain, the fortress until recently had been only partially probed by archaeologists. Between 1963 and 1965, however, Masada was subjected to its second great siege—by diggers, not soldiers.

Two Pipes. Attracted by ads in the Israeli press and in the Observer of London, some 5,000 volunteers from 28 different countries traveled to Israel at their own expense over a two-year period to help professional archaeologists in a massive excavation of Masada. During the two-week stint allowed to each of the amateur archaeologists, they rose at 4:30 a.m. and worked ten-hour days in temperatures that ranged from below freezing to more than 90° F. The volunteers lived at the base of Masada in tents that were occasionally blown away by fierce desert winds, used open latrines, and got all of their water (cold) from two pipes that the Israelis had laid across the desert.

Aided by this raw manpower—which included a violin maker, elephant and horse trainers, models, doctors and a midwifery expert—the expedition leader, Israeli Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, was able to complete 97% of Masada's excavation. Small portions of the fortress were left untouched to provide visitors with a before-and-after view of the site.

Israeli archaeologists are still studying the wealth of artifacts unearthed at Masada, but have already learned enough to establish that Josephus was indeed a worthy reporter. The dates on both Roman and Jewish coins help confirm when the Jewish revolt against Rome began (A.D. 66), and when the Zealots died. The three-tiered, mosaic-floored

villa and ceremonial palace built by Herod and later occupied by the Zealots also conform closely to the descriptions of Josephus.

Ten by Lot. Archaeologist Yadin, who is also a former Israeli Army Chief of Staff, was even more impressed by the parchment scrolls unearthed by his expedition. A portion of a scroll identical with one of the Dead Sea Scroll fragments enabled researchers to trace the origin of both documents to the first half of the 1st century. Says Yadin: "It conclusively disproves the views of some scholars who hold that the Dead Sea Scrolls are either not genuine or date only from medieval times."

Perhaps the most dramatic discovery was made by a group of volunteers



YADIN & MASADA MODEL

A second siege, by diggers not soldiers.

who unearthed eleven small, mysterious potsherds. Each was inscribed in Hebrew with a different name, one of which was that of Eleazar Ben Ya'ir, the leader of the Zealots. "Could it be," asks Yadin, "that we had discovered evidence associated with the death of the very last group of Masada's defenders?" The answer, he feels, is suggested by Josephus' description of the last moments of Masada: *They then chose ten men by lot out of them, to slay all the rest . . . and when these ten had, without fear, slain them all, they made the same rule for casting lots for themselves, that he whose lot it was should first kill the other nine, and after all, should kill himself.*

The potsherds, Yadin believes, could well have been used in the final casting of the lots by Ben Ya'ir and his ten commanders, just before the advance guard of the Tenth Legion breached Masada's walls and found all of the defenders dead.

METEOROLOGY

Firing Back at Hail

One hailstorm smashed 3,000,000 bushels of standing wheat in Nebraska; another destroyed \$2,000,000 worth of tobacco in North Carolina. In a single year, hailstorms can cost U.S. insurance companies tens of millions of dollars. Now, after helplessly enduring bombardments of hail for centuries, man is effectively mounting a counterbarge of his own. In an 88-page report recently translated into English at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colo., Russian scientists say that they can suppress hail over large areas by firing antiaircraft shells into hail-producing clouds.

Meteorologists have long tried to make rain and break up hailstorms by seeding clouds with silver iodide or lead iodide. Drifting upward from generators on the ground or fed into the clouds from aircraft, the particles become nuclei around which tiny water droplets can cluster to form larger drops and, eventually, hailstones. If enough nuclei are available, according to theory, they compete so vigorously for the moisture in the cloud that none of the hailstones has a chance to become very large.

Non-Splintering. But the theory rarely worked in practice. Before a potential hail cloud could be identified and seeded, its hailstones had already grown large enough to cause damage. The Soviet solution was to use radar to identify the cloud as soon as it began to grow hailstones and deliver the iodides to it within three minutes.

For quick delivery, the Russians developed a non-splintering antiaircraft shell that could accurately deliver a load of silver iodide as far away as 22 miles without scattering dangerous fragments on populated areas below. Selecting locations in the northern Caucasus, Georgia and the Armenian Republic that lie in a Soviet hail belt, the Russians set up enough radar installations and antiaircraft guns to detect and treat clouds over an area of 1,200,000 acres. During 1964 and 1965, thousands of shells were fired into threatening clouds.

During the 1965 trial according to the report, crop loss from hail was reduced to 3.1% in the protected areas, compared with a 19% loss in adjacent unprotected fields. In some areas, the loss was cut to a tenth of normal. Even better results would have been obtained, the Russians admit, had the operation been better planned. As it was, there were frequently shortages of shells, and firing had to be delayed at crucial moments to avoid hitting aircraft.

U.S. scientists are impressed, and hope to stage similar tests in the Great Plains hail belt. Physicist Byron Phillips, a hail expert for the U.S. Environmental Science Services Administration at Boulder, suggests that inexpensive rockets might be even more efficient. Eight rocket stations, he says, could protect the entire state of Kansas.

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The Paper Car!

A logical next step
in a continuing program of
planned obsolescence.



At a time when people trade in their cars every two or three years, it's reasonable to assume that the next step might be paper cars.

We are living in a "throw-away society." So why not jump in with both feet?

Why not have a car you can trade every month? Why not have a dandy polka-dot one for weekends and a swinging striped one for going out on the town and, of course, a plain black one for when you want to be serious?

You think the idea is crazy? Sure it is. But trading cars every couple of years is a little crazy, too. And what difference does it make if you're a little crazy or a lot crazy?

Volvo. It's made of steel.

Volvos are built in Sweden on the premise that a good car should last longer than a good suit. And while we realize that this is a radical departure from cars as you know them, the idea does have merit.

To make a car that lasts, you begin with nice, thick steel.

Then you weld all the pieces together. The Volvo body is held together by about 10,000 welds—any one of them strong enough to support the weight of the entire body.

Then to protect the body from the elements, you paint it six times—one coat



of rustproofing, two prime, and three enamel, 33 lbs. of paint in all.

Then you undercoat the bottom of the body twice (one sealing wax, one thick black glop).

Then you put in an engine that's economical (about 25 miles to a gallon even with automatic transmission), peppy, (Volvo runs away from every other compact in its class) tough (stories of Volvos going over 100,000 miles are legion).

Then what you've got is a Volvo. About as far away from a paper car, as other cars are from a Volvo.

A car Road & Track Magazine described like this: "Volvo makes everything just a little stronger than is absolutely required, uses better materials than are absolutely required, and spends more time testing the components to their limits than is absolutely required. The result is a car that is solid, practical, efficient and long-lived—everything transportation really *ought* to be..."

There is still something to be said for paper.

The kind with the green printing and the pictures of presidents on it. You can collect quite a bit by buying a Volvo and keeping it a long time.

When the payments are up, start making payments to yourself. After a while, you may save so much money, you'll be able to afford to do something frivolous with some of it.

You could even buy your wife some paper dresses.

VOLVO

Easy passage

Though the ancients were capable of architectural wonders that challenge our comprehension, their means of transportation was crude and slow. In fact, travel remained extremely difficult and uncertain until modern times. Now, thanks to the wonders of our present-day transportation systems, travel is so easy and comfortable that one of the most popular reasons for a trip is to see the remains of ancient building. Rand McNally's maps, atlases, globes, travel books, and vacation guides can help you plan your trip...help you get there and back home again...and make your trip more fun, too.

RAND McNALLY  PUBLISHERS, BOOK MANUFACTURERS, MAPMAKERS

Stonehenge, Salisbury Plain, Southern England
Recently determined to have been a highly
sophisticated astronomical observatory and
eclipse predictor in use from about
1900 B.C. to 1500 B.C. by peoples unknown



BUSINESS

BRITAIN

Suffering

Seven times since World War II Britain has deliberately throttled its seesaw economy to battle inflation or defend the pound. In the 14 months since Prime Minister Harold Wilson introduced the severest repression of all, the country has stumbled into an agonizing business slump. The self-inflicted wounds increasingly have fired acrimonious debate over what the London Times calls "the new theory of nobility through suffering."

Industrial profits fell sharply last year—by one count more than in any other major manufacturing country—as the economy's growth rate sagged to a mere 11% (after discounting for 3.9% price inflation). Though overall growth has picked up a bit since then, industrial production and private investment have not. The country's trade gap, a major source of its pound-threatening balance-of-payments deficit, has actually increased. Last week the Treasury announced more discouraging news about the pound's health: a \$2,500,000 drop in reserves of gold and convertible currencies during September to the lowest level in two years.

New Distortions. Confirmed optimists can find selected areas of statistical comfort. Though 555,000 workers remain jobless—a worrisome 2.4% of a labor force accustomed to full employment—the ranks of newly unemployed are now growing only moderately. Because fewer workers are turning out about the same amount of goods, output per man has climbed. But amid rising prices and escalating taxes, few Britons quar-

rel with Harold Wilson's forecast: "This is going to be a difficult winter."

Before he squeaked into office three years ago, Wilson promised the country economic growth to finance both more socialism and more private affluence. He has delivered only the former: welfare spending has soared by 45%. The continuing troubles of the pound led him to change panaceas in mid-crisis. The switch to classic austerity was supposed to give Britain time to rid itself of such long entrenched weaknesses as industrial inefficiency, featherbedding unions, drowsy management and overstuffed business. Instead, complain businessmen, government tinkering has proved so inept as to create new economic distortions. When Royal Dutch Shell decided to build a new refinery at Teesside in Yorkshire, the government rebated 45% of the cost because it lay in a depressed region. On top of that, notes a Shell managing director, F. S. McFadzean, "the Selective Employment Tax and another scheme known as the Regional Employment Premium reward hiring more labor at the plant in spite of the subsidy it already has for oversizing equipment—and somebody else pays for it in higher taxes." He adds: "Profit is still a dirty word with this government."

By charging service industries \$3.50 a week per male employee, the controversial S.E.T. was supposed to help channel more labor into tax-subsidized manufacturing jobs. Instead, service industries have added the tax to their prices and kept their help—while manufacturing employment has dwindled. All by itself, the S.E.T. has so far boosted the cost of living by 0.5%, according to Treasury estimates. Though pledged with the advent of North Sea natural gas to push Britain toward a cheap-energy policy, the government this month raised the price of nationalized electricity by 103%.

Socialist Intervention. As for featherbedding, the government has handed the problem to a Royal Commission, which is due to report next spring. One of the worst problems: the lately renationalized steel industry, which has 100,000 more workers than steelmen say it needs. British unions resist not only efforts to reduce overmanning but also reforms rigged to favor the workers. Last month the government finally ended an old evil by halting casual hiring on the docks. Despite higher pay and pledges that nobody would be fired, dockworkers in London and Manchester went out on a wildcat strike for even better terms. In Liverpool, 8,600 strikers were out last week, idling more than a hundred ships.

The docks face nationalization by 1970, and Britain's left-wing Minister of Transport, Barbara Castle, created a stir last week by suggesting that taxin-



LIVERPOOL DOCKMEN VOTING TO STAY ON STRIKE
Splutters over subsidies.

buses, ferries and even hovercraft ought to be nationalized as well. But what really makes businessmen splutter is the government's plan to plow equity capital into selected private businesses. This "new interventionism," said *The Economist*, would mean that "the singularly untechnologically-minded British civil service should decide, through the usual compromise-striking committees, which investment projects turned down by the [financial] City would be most glorious for Britain, and then bribe industrialists to undertake them with government money."

Royal Hucksters. However the experts differ over cures for the economy, everybody agrees that Britain can ill afford to go on losing export markets. Even the royal family gets pressed into service as hucksters. Last week Princess Alexandra, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, flew into New York to start a twelve-day tour of the U.S., visiting promotions of British goods in department stores. Such a presence can be rewarding. For Alexandra's appearance, Dayton's in Minneapolis agreed to buy an extra-big bundle of British goods, and Dallas' Neiman-Marcus raised its order by a reported \$2,000,000.

LABOR

The Worst Year

The list of U.S. companies being struck last week read like a what's what of business. Such basic industries as steel, chemicals and copper were affected by work stoppages. So were farming and farm machinery, bricklaying, metalworking, bronze refining, shipbuilding, office-machine and computer production, and even toys and teaching. The Ford Motor Co. was shut down and its new-car production halted by a walkout of 161,000 employees. At one end of the television industry, 1,450 employees struck the Fort Wayne,



ALEXANDRA IN MINNEAPOLIS STORE
Hardly any quarrels with the forecast.



BURNED STEEL-HAULING TRUCKS IN PITTSBURGH

The positions have hardened all around.

Ind., plant of Magnavox, Inc.; at the other end, ABC-TV continued to operate while striking technicians pounded pavements. In all, the Federal Mediation & Conciliation Service was faced with calls to mediate 207 strikes affecting 261,000 workers in 32 states. Labor's continuing militancy (TIME, Sept. 22) is more than matched by hardened management, and the number of "major" strikes occurring as a result makes this the worst year for labor-management relations since 1953.

Stresses & Strains. Actually, of all labor problems referred to the mediation service so far in 1967, about 88% have been settled. "Despite stresses and strains," says Director William E. Simkin, a pipe-puffing, peace-seeking Quaker, "the bargaining process is working reasonably well." But the remaining 12% of the disputes present major headaches for industry and for the economy as a whole. If the Ford strike lasts until Thanksgiving, former CEA Chairman Walter Heller last week warned the Economic Club of Detroit, the resulting drop in the gross national product could reach \$4 billion.

Management has hardened because of rising costs and declining profits, and is inclined to suffer strikes, especially those that help to clear away excess inventories. Union attitudes have stiffened both because the labor market is tight and because of increased militancy on the part of the rank and file. Most union members are in a better position this year to sit out a strike. A Detroit striker who is drawing benefits from the United Auto Workers and has some money in his bank account was inclined to welcome the chance to watch the World Series on television and to take to the woods for Michigan's fall hunting season.

The Suffering Consumer. The strikes damage the economy as a whole and the Viet Nam war effort in particular. Nineteen plants presently shuttered by

strikes are considered war plants because they turn out supplies or equipment for Viet Nam; the Government last week appealed to the UAW to allow some urgently needed Ford truck parts to be crated and shipped off to the war. The consumer is also likely to suffer, judging from settlements so far. When a strike of 54,000 rubber workers ended with a 5% pay increase, the five big rubber companies affected quickly passed on the cost to customers.

The ricochet from such economic losses has made politicians more eager than usual to intervene in strikes. Nine states are affected by a strike of 20,000 truckers who haul 60% of finished steel from the mills, which has led to shortages, dynamiting, traffic tie-ups and the furlough of 15,000 steelworkers because their plants have run out of space in which to stack up undelivered steel. The yearly rate of steel shipments is down by about 1,500,000 tons. Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond P. Shafer last week asked the governors of eight other steel-producing states to join him in negotiating an end to the walkout. And in Utah, where the economy is off by \$30 million so far because of a twelve-week strike against the Kennecott Copper Co., Governor Calvin L. Rampton summoned labor, management and TV cameramen to the state capital for a well-publicized effort to get negotiations moving again.

WALL STREET

Records, Paperwork & Profit

In the midst of an otherwise dull market, the New York Stock Exchange last week established an interesting new record. The exchange traded its 1,899,495,015th share of stock this year, exceeding the record for annual turnover that had been set only last year. Nobody in Wall Street knew for certain what the final quarter of the year would bring, but if activity continues at the

pace of the first nine months, about 2.5 billion shares should change hands before the year ends.

The average daily volume of 9,875,000 shares, a level that the exchange had not expected—or even hoped—to reach until 1975, is due to increased buying and selling by institutions that trade in large blocks of stock and thus shoot the totals higher. Many mutual funds, adopting a speculative mood, are turning over the shares in their portfolios far faster than they once did. And staid organizations outside the market are also coming in. Yale University two weeks ago announced that it was forming an investment company to plow more of its endowment money into lucrative common stocks. Such moves mean more paperwork for the exchange's 648 member organizations. But more active trading also means more commissions.

EXECUTIVES

The Making of the Presidents

"The strength of our country is in direct relationship to the strength and skills of the men running its corporations," So says Manhattan's Sidney M. Boyden, 67, who manufactures nothing, markets nothing, manages a staff that is smaller (30 associates) than the average Boy Scout troop. As founder and president of Boyden Associates, Inc., he has supplied more big businesses with top managers than any other U.S. executive recruiter.

The oldest (21 years) and by far the largest (annual billings: close to \$50,000,000) firm in the trade, Boyden Associates is no body-snatching agency dealing in everything from young business-school grads on the make or passed-over veterans. It concentrates on turning up what Boyden calls "the most complicated product there is—men to run large corporations."

Top Titles. Boyden finds and places some 200 high-level managers a year—all at salaries above \$25,000 annually. Currently, there are enough Boyden enlistees roaming U.S. executive suites to staff the private sector of a middle-sized nation. Among the top ones to whom Boyden points: Presidents Virgil Boyd of Chrysler, Arthur Larkin Jr. of General Foods, Stuart Sillaway of Investors Diversified Services, John L. Gushman of Anchor Hocking Glass; Chairman A. King McCord of Westinghouse Air Brake; Presidents and Chairmen Harold S. Geneen of ITT, Robert O. Fieckes of Phileo-Ford.

Boyden got his first broad look at the management market in 1941, when he left a 16-year career as Montgomery Ward's personnel director to join Booz, Allen & Hamilton, one of the nation's biggest management-consulting firms (annual billings: \$40 million including scientific, technical and design services). There Boyden soon learned that top men were hard to find in the war-thinned ranks of many corporations. The market for a recruiter of



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MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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RECRUITER BOYDEN

Concentration on complication.

talented executives seemed limitless, so in 1946 Boyden set up his own shop.

Search & Employ. Companies that turn to Boyden pay a monthly fee that can run well into the thousands, depending on the importance of the job. Generally, Boyden's highly polished search-and-employ tactics turn up a prime prospect or two within 60 days. The firm maintains dossiers on 50,000 in-harness executives, runs 13 worldwide offices (eight in the U.S., five abroad) that watch corporate activity, screen candidates for specific clients.

Boyden's prospects are rarely aware that Boyden is aware of them as potential job hoppers. Former Studebaker President Sherwood Harry Egbert entered the dossier files years ago when McCulloch Corp., of which he was then executive vice president, commissioned Boyden's firm for a recruiting job. His own number came up in 1960, when Studebaker asked Boyden for a new president. More recently, there was Gillette's ex-President Stuart Hensley, who had been a contented company man for more than two decades until this year, when Boyden 1) sold Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. on Hensley's presidential potential, and 2) sold Hensley on Warner-Lambert with the argument that the fast-growing merchandiser (ethical drugs, Listerine, Rolaid, etc.) offered "a more challenging situation" than Gillette.

Boyden, too, is after challenging situations. Abroad, the firm is chipping away at the fusty once-with-a-company, always-with-a-company notion of European executives. One Boyden man has been prospecting a relatively un-

tapped resource: overseas-based U.S. managers who would not dream of returning to the rat race back home, yet might be good candidates for foreign subsidiaries of other U.S. companies.

INDUSTRIALISTS

Conglomerate, London-Style

Most businessmen credit U.S. merger makers with the invention of corporate conglomerates—companies that grow by garnering others in unrelated fields. Not Britain's Leonard J. Matchan, 55, president and chairman of London-based Cope Allman International Ltd., who was in New York City last week to plug a venture in U.S. women's fashions. Matchan grabbed a chance to stake a claim of his own. "I started all this conglomeration business eleven years ago," said he, "whereas you people only cottoned to it about a year ago."

Such U.S. corporations as Litton Industries and Textron, which began playing the game in the early 1950s (long before the term conglomerate became popular), could argue with that, but Matchan may have a record of sorts. Since 1956, he has spun together no fewer than 150 companies. They range in size from 14 to 1,400 employees, have plants in 13 countries, serve markets in 70. Pouring forth products from tires and car wax to cosmetics and steel, Cope Allman last year earned \$8.9 million on sales of \$168 million.

Up from Bedsteads. For its boss, Cope Allman also pours forth a salary that, at \$112,000 a year, is second only to Fleur Tycoon Joseph Rank's (\$117,600) in Britain. Unlike most British corporate chiefs, Matchan paved his way to the top not on the playing fields of Eton but at London amusement parks and movie lots. The son of a sewing-machine repairman, Matchan parlayed a modest talent for figures and an immodest one for braggadocio into a youthful career as a "financial adviser" to showfolk. At 25, he landed a bookkeeping job with Max Factor when the U.S. cosmetics maker entered the British market. In twelve years, Matchan 1) helped wash away the prewar Victorian notion that lipstick was not for English ladies, and 2) became the company's European general manager.

Having made it selling for Max (and later for Revlon), Matchan set off at age 40 to make lipstick cases on his own, soon hit on his formula for a conglomerate. The key was Cope Allman, a down-and-out Birmingham maker of brass bedsteads, which he bought for its major asset: a stock-exchange listing. By floating new issues and a lot of publicity, Matchan was able to finance a flood of plants beyond England (where his company now accounts for 90% of lipstick-case output) to France (100%), Australia (80%) and elsewhere. With other companies (in printing, plastics, metalworking, warehousing) coming in along the way, Cope Allman's sales

have multiplied more than a hundred-fold in a decade.

A 238-pounder, little of it muscle, Matchan commutes by private helicopter to his home on the isle of Jersey, one of Britain's semiautonomous Channel Islands, where he lives in noisy defiance of mainland inheritance taxes ("they offend my nostrils"). With his 96% stockholding, he runs Cope Allman with a spare, 25-man head-office staff "because I dislike middle management and all that sort of thing," likes to make patriarchal, publicity-grabbing visits to the firm's 15,000 worldwide employees. He frankly favors a personality cult as good management policy, "as long as the personality doesn't get too far from the cult."

Back to Women. So that it won't, Matchan now has staffers working on "deconglomeration" my conglomerate." Over the past 18 months, a score of companies have been sold off; others are being parcelled into separate divisions, most of which will eventually be publicly owned, thus aping the style of such U.S. models as Texas' Ling-Temco-Vought.

The latest division represents a sort of return to first principles. Coming full circle from the original leap into lipsticks, Cope Allman got a fashion division under way with a \$1300,000 order for women's wear from the Soviet Union after Premier Kosygin's London visit last spring. On last week's trip to New York, a squad of models strutting his "over 25" styles came along to sew up more orders with a fashion show aboard the docked liner *Queen Elizabeth*. "It's a good depression hedge," he says. "I pin my faith on anything to do with the ladies."



MATCHAN ABOARD THE 'QUEEN ELIZABETH'
Personality close to the cult.

A black and white photograph of a Kodak microfilm system. It consists of a two-tier metal cart holding several microfilm reels. A film reader unit is positioned in front of the cart, with a film strip being processed. The word "Kodak" is printed in the top right corner of the image.

Kodak

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For full details, contact: Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Markets Division, Department NN-10, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

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 **RECORDAK** Microfilm Systems by Kodak

MEXICO

Mendoza the Builder

"Our outfit developed by doing business with American companies, and their know-how has brushed off onto our shoulders," says José Mendoza Fernández, 42, director of Bufete Industrial, Mexico's leading engineering firm. He has a point. By borrowing a U.S. engineering technique of offering clients "total package deals," Bufete has virtually cornered the Mexican engineering market while taking a lot of business away from U.S. competitors. Bufete currently has in the works \$206 million in contracts, many of them for



MENDOZA AT HOME

U.S.-owned subsidiaries operating south of the border.

Mendoza learned his Yankee savvy at the National University of Mexico, where he supplemented his studies by reading all the U.S. engineering trade magazines he could find. To get some on-the-job training, he took a laborer's job at night at a caustic-soda plant being constructed by Chemico of New York. There, by his own recollection, he picked the brains of every American technician he could find. It was, he says, a "live opportunity."

In 1949, a year after graduating *cum laude*, Mendoza and a fellow student founded Bufete Industrial. "Our first important job," says Mendoza, "came in 1951, when we engineered, designed and supervised construction of a sodium-sulphate plant in northern Mexico." Only a few more steps were necessary before Mendoza and his rapidly growing staff were ready to offer their expert soup-to-nuts service.

Satisfied Customers. Besides having expert engineering, Bufete stands ready to choose a plant location, procure equipment, materials and accessories to go into the building, construct it and help start the plant operation. The organization will even help clients find

financing. Says Mendoza: "All of this is the American concept—and it works."

So satisfied with Bufete are its U.S. customers that they rely on the firm when considering further expansion in Mexico. Celanese Corp. of America has used Bufete for 20 jobs, Diamond Alkali for seven, Du Pont for 14, and General Motors for two. Among Bufete's present projects: a \$20 million pulp and paper plant for Kimberly-Clark in Veracruz and a \$30 million Kodak film-making plant at Guadalajara.

For all his many successes in planning for his clients, Mendoza has made one big miscalculation that continues to plague him: he failed to foresee his own company's growth. As a result, his ten-story Mexico City office building is bulging at the rafters. "When we moved in three years ago," he says, "we fig-

bad times were coming. For one thing, there were disastrous freezes in each of those years; such streams as the Nass and Skeena froze solid. When the spring thaws came, most of the young salmon that survived the ice were swept away with their gravel nurseries.

Another reason for the decline can be traced to the salmon's itinerant habits. Bristol Bay red salmon, the most lucrative catch among Alaska's five main species, roam far afield during their five-year life cycles; for two years after spawning they take off on a 6,000-mile grand circle tour of the north Pacific before they swim back to mate and die in the same streams where they were born. Though international fishing treaties preclude other nations, notably the Japanese, from fishing closer to Alaska than 175° west longitude,



BUFETE-BUILT GENERAL MOTORS PLANT NEAR MEXICO CITY

A little lesson in how to pick Yankee brains.

ured it would be adequate for at least five years. Since then we have already taken an entire floor of the office building next door, a house around the corner and an annex near by."

ALASKA

Woe Is Salmon

For half a century, salmon fishing has been Alaska's biggest industry—and when the summer catch falls off, the whole state suffers. This year, the \$50 million salmon harvest is the worst since 1899, and the result has been woe. With the catch of sockeye reds and humpback pinks running 71% below last year, the state is planning \$400,000 in welfare payments for the Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts who do most of the fishing. The Federal Government is contributing surplus foods, and free ammunition is being doled out so that they can hunt for meat to sustain them through the Alaskan winter. At a special session of the legislature, Governor Walter J. Hickel proposed that unemployment payments be stretched from the current 28 weeks to a full year.

Ice & the Japanese. Alaska's fish and wildlife experts knew as long ago as the winters of 1963 and 1965 that

the fish themselves cross that line in the course of their circular migration. As a result, Japanese catches helped to deplete the supply available in Alaskan rivers this summer for U.S. fishermen.

Lay Up Your Boots. Aware that the blight was coming, Alaska's state government limited fishing. The number of legal fishing days was cut this year and 600,000 more salmon than the state had originally planned were thus allowed to escape upstream in the tributaries of Bristol Bay to procreate the catches of future years. Alaskan fishermen, who caught 64 million salmon last year, will take in no more than 24 million in all of 1967. For Bristol Bay fishermen, this means an average income for the season of \$1,320, or a meager fifth of what they make in a good year.

Fish studies show that salmon catches run in a cycle of three good years and two bad ones. Next year seems likely to be the second bad one in the current go-round. Governor Hickel is considering closing Bristol Bay for the entire summer of 1968 to allow the salmon population to recover. The state is also urging fishermen to put up their boats for the year and find temporary employment elsewhere. Unless they do, Alas-



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 **ALCOA**

ALITALIA'S ITALY



Sophia Loren, one of the wonders of Italy today. Soon to be seen with Omar Sharif in M-G-M's romantic comedy "More Than A Miracle," A Carlo Ponti production in Metrocolor.



More Than a Miracle...that's the title of Sophia Loren's new MGM picture...it's also the way you'll find Italy's In-Season. That's the period from September 15 to May 15...when life in Italy is at its richest and most provocative...when Italians themselves are enjoying their country most.

Will you meet Sophia Loren during Italy's In-Season? Who knows? David and Connie Holzman, of Armonk, New York, did. They were lucky enough to tour the Cinecittà Studio where she was making her latest film. Naturally, it was one of the highlights of their trip.

You'll get more out of your trip when you fly there on Alitalia Airlines—and use our Invitation to Italy's In-Season booklet. Only Alitalia tells you about shops that give discounts from 5 to 20 per cent; hotels and restaurants that offer special courtesies; social, cultural, sports and business organizations where you can meet Italians; wineries and craft shops to visit; what's going on all over Italy.

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ka's greatest natural resource may go the same sad way of fur trading and gold prospecting, which dominated the economy before the salmon harvests became so abundant.

CORPORATIONS

On the Run

For the two physical fitness enthusiasts who run Monogram Industries Inc., of Los Angeles, big decisions are made on the run. In the late afternoon, Chief Executive Martin Stone, 39, jogs a measured mile with his dog, a golden retriever named Charles de Gaul-Stone, while he reflects on the day's corporate affairs. More often than not, Stone and Executive Vice President Harvey L. Karp, also 39, will agree to make a multimillion dollar acquisition between handball games or during an after-lunch ten-mile walk-and-talk session. Out of this unorthodox exercise of brains and brawn has evolved an impressive track record in business. Since they took over Monogram six years ago, the two have sent sales hurtling from \$6,000,000 to a current annual rate of more than \$100 million. Three years ago, Monogram stock was selling at \$4 a share. Last week it closed at \$1.38.

To accomplish this, Stone and Karp applied some basic business principles to once-floundering Monogram: they cut costs, fired unproductive employees, eliminated worthless products while bolstering a profitable line of recirculating toilets for aircraft. Stone had acquired this talent shortly after graduating from law school, when overnight he made a reputation—and a pile of cash—as a resuscitator of sick companies for Houston Fearless Corp. In 1954, the company split up, and he joined International Glass, a former division. The company's name was changed in 1958 to Monogram Industries to cover a rapidly growing hodgepodge of products. Stone wanted to eliminate some and focus attention on one or two products. His boss balked, so Stone quit.

Quick Surgery. At about the same time, Harvey Karp, who had joined Stone in a number of unsuccessful real estate ventures, also left his job at Pathé Laboratories and took his family to Europe. "One morning in Rome," recalls Karp, "I woke up and couldn't think of a single new thing to do that day. So I called Marty in the States, told him 'I've had it here, let's go back into business.' He said 'O.K.,' so I headed home."

In 1960, they paid \$60,000 for 15% of California-headquartered Electro-Vision Corp., rid themselves of its lackluster movie-theater business, and began producing optical and cargo-handling equipment. Early in 1961, Stone's old boss at Monogram offered to sell him and Karp a controlling interest in the company, which, as Stone had foreseen, was going bankrupt. In addition to sanitation equipment, Monogram was manufacturing temporary production



KARP & STONE PLAYING HANDBALL
And now \$1 billion looks easy.

holding devices used to attach unbolted metal sheets to the frames of jets, along with precision sheet metal and containers. A quick and drastic surgical job was essential if the company was to be saved. The container division was eliminated. Managers' salaries were cut by 25%, and a bonus based on profit was substituted.

Stone and Karp drove hard to increase Monogram's lead in the field of recirculating toilets, which return the chemically treated water to the bowl after the waste is filtered away. Monogram now supplies toilets for 75% to 80% of U.S. airliners (at \$1,500 to \$3,000 per unit), and most corporate jets (\$750 to \$1,250).

Walking Decisions. But while the sanitary divisions have grown rapidly, they presently account for only 9% of Monogram's sales. This is because of a carefully continued acquisition program. Last year, after one of their ten-mile walks, Stone and Karp decided that Monogram, with about \$12 million sales, should acquire Spaulding Fibre Co., maker of electrical insulating materials, with sales of almost \$40 million. Two months ago following another jaunt, they laid out \$21 million for National Screw & Manufacturing Co., a leading producer of permanent fasteners. These divisions now produce 83% of sales, while sanitation, film and sound equipment, and miscellany make up the balance.

As for Monogram's future, neither Stone, who has 53,000 shares of its stock, nor Karp, who holds 46,000, is about to relax. "In fact," says the chief executive, "now the \$100 million doesn't seem very satisfactory at all. It's the damnedest thing, but it ought to be easier to grow to \$1 billion."

THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Beating Dad Can Be Fun

Any day of the week, two Reston bylines can pop up in the Paris-based Herald Tribune International. Or two Smiths. Or two Alfred Friendlys. Not that these correspondents are greedy, or overworked—it is just that they are father-son combinations.

Simultaneous publication is entirely accidental since the six individuals concerned are based on different papers: Al Friendly roams Europe for the Washington Post, while Al Jr. is West African correspondent for the New York Times. James Reston writes his New York Times column from Washington; his son Richard is the Los Angeles Times' Moscow correspondent. Red Smith writes a syndicated sports column that appears in the Trib, Terence Smith covers the Mideast for the New York Times. When the Washington Post bought into the Paris Trib and the New York Times international later merged with it, all of them tumbled into the same paper.

Not Bothered by Shadows. "It's kind of fun being in the same paper with the old man," says Richard Reston, "because he's only in three times a week with his column and on that basis I have a chance of beating him four times a week." The younger Friendly concedes that "Daddy is a much more graceful writer than I am, and can def-

* It isn't always fun. For six years, Robert Dales was a correspondent on the New York Times, where his father, Arthur Dales, is sports columnist. In 1964, the younger Dales quit and wrote a novel, *The White Truth*, in which he satirized his former colleagues as a bunch of puffed-up men who tell only partial truths. He did, however, spare his father No. 1 sports columnist turned up in the novel.

initely type faster. But I have a better eye for color." He was not at all apprehensive when Daddy, who had been managing editor of the Washington Post, returned to news reporting and was sent to cover the Mideast war. "He did as good a job as anyone who was out there," thinks his son. "He's got a lot of promise."

The fathers insist that they do not influence the sons. "When Terry first started writing," says Red Smith, "I used to interrupt him and ask why he used one word when he meant another. Later, it occurred to me that it might bother him. So I stopped." James Reston pondered the fact that his son might be "cast into the old man's shadow. It's a psychological problem. No proud kid wants to go and hear 'You're Scotty Reston's son.'" But the kids don't seem to be intimidated by their fathers' reputations. "They're making it on their own," says Trib Editor Murray Weiss. "They'd all be here even if their fathers were plumbers."

Being Wrong Together. Covering such disparate parts of the world, fathers and sons seldom cross paths—and maybe it's just as well. The only occasion when the Friendlys met was the 1965 election in Turkey. Without necessarily consulting each other's notes, both confidently predicted that the left would make impressive gains. Come election day, it turned out to be the conservatives that triumphed at the polls. On another occasion, the Friendly bylines were inadvertently switched by the Trib, putting Senior momentarily in Nigeria, Junior in Israel. And then there was that day last month when Junior managed to produce two bylined pieces for an edition while Senior contributed one. "That's the best we've done so far," says Senior.



RICHARD & JAMES RESTON



Even if Pop were a plumber.



THE POST'S SCHIFF
Satisfying the stores, anyway.

NEWSPAPERS

New York Afternoon

When the New York World Journal Tribune died unexpectedly last May, the New York Times and the New York Daily News seemed the likeliest candidates to put out an afternoon paper. They had the printing capacity, the know-how, and the urge to expand.

Last week a notice was distributed to the Times staff: "This memorandum is to let you know that the decision we have finally reached is 'no.' The New York Times will not publish an evening newspaper." The News was less explicit but hardly hopeful. "When we have something further to say," said Business Manager Val Palmer, "we will make an announcement."

In his memo, Times Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger explained that "several study groups representing nearly every department had made projections" for the new paper. But the "answers were not encouraging." Sulzberger added that "major talent and time would be diverted from the Times to the new publication. I can tell you that this added a great deal to the unattractiveness of the whole proposal." He also was not eager to tangle with ten aggressive newspaper unions that had struck four times in the past five years and had helped kill five newspapers in that period. They are still resisting automation more relentlessly than any other unions in the U.S. Last week Britain's Lord Thomson, who owns nearly 50 papers in the U.S., admitted that he had been offered the dying WJT as a gift but had turned it down because of such "unreasonable union demands" as promotion by strict seniority in the editorial department.

Survival of the Weak. Some observers felt that neither the Times nor the News had ever had any intention of bringing out a new paper: they sim-



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ply wanted to scare off anyone who wanted to come into the afternoon field. The Times, it is true, did produce two dummy papers. The second and more ambitious of the two efforts was called, somewhat imposingly, the New York Forum. A 40-page paper all in one section, it still put considerable emphasis on hard news.

So, despite warnings in recent years that it was too weak to survive, the New York Post inherits the afternoon *pro tem*—a situation that seems to satisfy the city's department stores, who are content to advertise in the Post as long as they also have the suburban papers to promote their wares. Since the death of the WJT, the Post's circulation has climbed from 400,000 to 700,000. It has added a few columnists, such as William F. Buckley Jr., Ann Landers and Evans & Novak, plus the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post news service. It has also added an extra page or two of news, though its coverage still seems sparse and its typography is fuzzy. The Post recently bought the defunct Journal-American's presses, a move that will enable it to go from 96 pages to 112 and accommodate all the advertising it has fallen heir to.

With a touch of sly wit, undaunted Post Publisher Dorothy Schiff said: "I have great respect for the judgment of the New York Times, and if they have come to the conclusion to stay out of the afternoon, they are probably right." Not that the threat of the Times seemed to frighten her very much. "I really didn't do too much thinking about it. I've seen so many papers come and go that it really doesn't worry me too much. If we survived the merger of those three papers into the World Journal Tribune, nothing worries me too much."

Magic Program for Viet Nam

Innumerable writers and editors have offered their own plans for ending the Viet Nam war. But the one proposed last week by the Detroit Free Press is surely a leading contender for the most astonishing of all. In a front-page article, Editor Mark Ethridge Jr. urged the U.S. to "capture instead of thwart the social revolution which South Viet Nam needs." Our "puppet government," he said, must be told it has one year to make the necessary social reforms. If they are not made in that time, the U.S. should negotiate a withdrawal on the basis of the National Liberation Front's political program, which is "thoroughly in keeping with what the U.S. has proclaimed as its own hopes for South Viet Nam."

What is the magic offered in this program? "Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of creed, freedom of demonstration, genuine land reform, and abolition of U.S.-built concentration camps." The same program, presumably, as those of Communist regimes the world over.

MILESTONES

Married. Roberto Sánchez Vilella, 54, Governor of Puerto Rico; and Jeanette Ramos Buonomo, 36, twice-divorced daughter of a former Puerto Rican House Speaker and Sánchez' onetime legislative assistant; in a civil ceremony just two days after he was divorced by Conchita Dapona de Sánchez, 52, his wife of 31 years; in Huamacao, P.R. Last March, after his liaison with Jeanette became public knowledge, Sánchez announced that he would seek freedom to marry her, at the same time said he would not run for re-election when his term expires next year.

Died. Clifton C. Williams Jr., 35, U.S. astronaut in training for the Apollo moon program; when his T-38 jet trainer crashed, possibly because of an oxygen failure; near Miccosukee, Fla., thus bringing to eight the number of astronaut fatalities since the program began in 1959, four in T-38 crashes.

Died. Woody Guthrie, 55, balladeer and U.S. folk music's lead guitar for two decades; after a 13-year illness (Huntington's chorea, a rare disease of the nervous system); in Manhattan. "This train is bound for glory," sang Woody, and so was his musical cast—Dust bowl farmers seeking *Pastures of Plenty*, the spunky *Union Maid* who defied "goons and ginks and company finks," fast-living *Jackhammer John*, everyone traveling a hard road, but one that provided hope, blooming with all the gladness of his folk anthem, *This Land Is Your Land*. The gaunt Depression minstrel, with dried-grass hair and a reedy voice, spun off the Oklahoma plains like a cloud of the "dusty old dust" in his ballads to roam the nation singing in transient camps and saloons. His best stanzas staked the folk boom of the '60s, but by then their author was a wasted invalid, "drifting along" his last road in a hospital.

Died. Eddy Gilmore, 60, Associated Press foreign correspondent for 32 years, eleven of them (1942-53) in Moscow; of a heart attack; in East Grinstead, England. Said Gilmore of his Russian labors: "I wrote for the smallest audience in the world, that one censor whose blue pencil ripped my copy—and my heart."

Died. Ludwig Donath, 67, Viennese-born character actor; of leukemia; in Manhattan. A well-known supporting actor in Austria and Germany in the 1930s, Donath was active in the anti-Nazi underground before fleeing to Hollywood in 1940. His thick accent made him a natural cinema Nazi, including *der Führer* himself in 1943's *The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler*, but his talent soon found other roles—most notably Al Jolson's cantor-father in *The*

Jolson Story and a kindly, studious Viennese psychiatrist in Broadway's *A Far Country*.

Died. Sir Malcolm Sargent, 72, Britain's most popular orchestra conductor; of cancer; in London. Known equally as a London *bon vivant* and baton master, Sargent was lionized in British music circles for four decades. Critics respected the 19th century grandeur that characterized all his work and cheered especially the *fiorette* he summoned in such choral classics as Handel's *Messiah*. To audiences, he was "Flash Harry," the impeccably groomed courtier of the orchestra stage, raconteur, and international socialite. His own favorite appearances were at cavernous Royal Albert Hall's immensely popular "prom" annals, where for 20 summers he introduced young Britons to the exciting pleasures of great music.

Died. Vance ("Pinto") Colvig, 75, the voice of Goofy, Pluto and a host of other Disney cartoon characters; of pneumonia; in Woodland Hills, Calif.

Died. Albertina Rasch, 76, ballerina, choreographer and wife of Composer Dmitri Tiomkin; after a long illness; in Woodland Hills, Calif. Trained in Vienna's Imperial Theater, a performer in New York at 16, Albertina Rasch determined to awaken U.S. interest in ballet by taking the dance into vaudeville's thriving circuits, first as a soloist, later as head of her own troupe. The acclaim she found there led her into choreography—for Ziegfeld's *Show Girl*, *Rio Rita*, and to the lavish productions of Hollywood, where in 1938 she directed 800 dancers during a single week for three pictures: *Marie Antoinette*, *The Great Waltz* and *Sweethearts*.

Died. Walter Chandler, 79, Democratic Congressman from Tennessee from 1935 to 1940, and attorney for a group of Memphis plaintiffs in the U.S. Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision; of a heart attack; in Memphis. In 1962's *Baker v. Carr* appeal, Chandler argued that voters of Shelby County, most populous in Tennessee, were entitled to a state-legislature delegation reflecting its size; the court agreed, in a ruling that has forced reapportionment in dozens of states.

Died. Admiral Claude C. Bloch, 89, one of the three ranking officers at Pearl Harbor during the Japanese attack; after a long illness; in Washington. At the time, Bloch was C.O. of the Hawaiian naval district, and such was his performance before the disaster that a board of inquiry specifically cleared him of responsibility, while charging the other two commanders, Admiral Husband Kimmel and General Walter Short, with "dereliction of duty."



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CINEMA



SELLERS & EKLUND IN "BOBO"
Out of the bull ring, into the tub.

Blue Matador

The Bobo. Peter Sellers, his fans may be happy to learn, is alive and living in Barcelona. There he sallies forth as a singing bullfighter impaled on the horns of a dilemma. A top as a matador, a flop as a troubadour, he has decided to leave the corrida and seek a stage career. Down to his last peseta, he desperately accepts a dare by the local impresario (Adolfo Celi), who agrees to book him into his theater on one condition: Sellers must seduce Britt Ekland (Mrs. Peter Sellers offstage), an ice-cold big-league gold digger whose favorite phrase is "Mine."

Around town, Sellers earns the sudden sobriquet of "Bobo"—Spanish for fool. After all, has not Ekland newly milked one victim for a luxurious pad and bilked another out of a Maserati? Posing as the lackey of a nonexistent count, Sellers persuades the senorita to wait with him evening after evening for the aristocrat to arrive. Out of boredom, Ekland endures him, then tolerates him, and at last—her cool melted by champagne—falls in love. The morning after Sellers wins his wager, he confesses all in an orgy of guilt. Raging, the seductress marches him at shotgun point to a bathtub full of cerulean stain. Bobo is last seen in a bullfight poster proclaiming his indisputably unique credentials as "The Singing Blue Matador."

Sellers occasionally evokes vague memories of Chaplin and a promising young screen comedian named Peter Sellers who was awfully funny in some low-budget British farces. Early on in his career, he proved he could play a U.N.'s worth of accents and roles. Late-ly, however, his roles have been play-ing him, a familiar figure afflicted by

gigantosis of the production and pa-ralysis of the talent. Unlike his black-and-white delights of the '50s, this Tech-nicolor collage substitutes fake eccentricity for true humor. One man wears a toupee that looks like melted LPs, an-ther drinks nothing but brandy and egg whites—it looks as if someone had expectorated in it, says Sellers, in a fair sample of the film's scripted wit. And nearly everybody speaks in a pseudo-Castilian lisp that sounds like if the entire earth hath a speech defect.

English Muffing

Robbery. A team of German film makers recently stole a home-grown English property: *The Great British Train Robbery* (TIME, April 21), a plausibly clever re-creation of the 1963 heist of £2,631,784 from a Royal Mail train. In *Robbery*, the Limeys have tried to re-capture the story for their own, using the talents of Stanley Baker, Joanna Pettet and a regiment of able character actors, and the *cinéma vérité* style of Director Peter Yates. The result, unfortunately, is a hot property gone tepid with time.

Once again the scenario follows the gang of small-time thieves breezily intent on bringing off the biggest caper of them all. "Money breeds money," theorizes one. Replies his colleague: "Mine must be on the Pill." Audaciously, they work out their gentlemanly battle plans, forsaking guns—it's hard-cheese for the armed robber who gets caught—recruiting specialists in such ar-cane subjects as railroad engineering and advanced electronics. After the loot is lifted, the film collapses into a text-bookish story of police procedure, as Scotland Yard tries to run the thieves to earth.

Star and Co-Producer Stanley Baker, who saunters through the film as



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Korbel
California Champagne



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the master criminal replete with belted trench coat and salt-and-pepper mustache, is a man both obviously enamored of his project and absolutely blind to the faults of the beloved. With tedious attention to detail, *Robbers* examines every minor maneuver of the criminals, watches a handcuff screw turn 17 times before it is opened, sees every last bag of loot passed from hand to hand into waiting trucks. And after playing it rapt upper lip until the last moment, the film goes soft when all but one of the gang are captured. Fleeing England, Baker sends Petiet a note via canine messenger. Its message: "Goodbye." The final footage shows him walking up the New York docks under the superimposed title: *THE ? END*. A bit precious, since the Germans got there in *THE ? BEGINNING*.



COURTENAY & BLAKELEY IN "FISH"
How to nuke the hermaphrodites.

No Zorba

The Day the Fish Came Out. After three days, said Benjamin Franklin, guests and fish begin to stink. After 109 minutes, this particular *Fish* proves an intolerable guest. Not that the film is without distinction: it was directed by Michael Cacoyannis (*Zorba the Greek*). It may also be the homosexiest movie since *Modestly Blaise*. Two fliers (Tom Courtenay and Colin Blakeley) crash-land their nuclear weaponry on a mythical Greek island and spend the rest of the film in their Joeke shorts playing peekaboo with the villagers. Backing them up are a squad of sylphish soldiers dressed in multi: the cunningest white booties, fishnet T shirts, lavender and puce shorts. Backing them up is an inconstant nympho (Candice Bergen) who moves with the natural fluid grace of a hand puppet.

Cacoyannis, who not only produced and wrote the script but designed the chorus boys' clothes, tries hard to pull everyone together at the finale to make a momentous point about the atomic age. With no result. His 1,000,000-megaton bomb has enough cinematic overkill to bore to death every man, woman and hermaphrodite from here to Athens.



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The Idea of Hope

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER
by William Styron 428 pages, Random House \$6.95.

In the summer of 1831, a force of 60 Negroes led by a mad, messianic slave named Nat Turner cut a red swath through the Virginia Tidewater country, slaughtering every white man, woman and child in their path. Although it was suppressed in two days, the rebellion claimed 55 victims. Its leader died on the gallows with 16 of his men. His body was flayed and the flesh



NAT TURNER
A shadow in Newark.

rendered into grease; some souvenirminded Virginian sliced a money purse out of the skin.

History has little more than that to say of Nat Turner's revolt. But readers will not fail to recognize that the shadow of Nat Turner darkened the streets of Newark and Detroit in the summer of 1967—and hovers still. This novel goes beyond a mere retelling of history to show how the fettered human spirit can splinter into murderous rage when it is goaded beyond endurance.

Black Man's Eyes. Styron's narrative power, lucidity and understanding of the epoch of slavery achieve a new peak in the literature of the South. The customary view, whether of willow-shaded plantation avenues or red clay roads leading to sharecroppers' cabins, has been white. Styron surveys the same landscape, but attempts to see it through the eyes of a black man.

Nat Turner's story is told in the first person, and some readers will feel that

it is told almost too well; at times the narrator's lyrical style suggests Styron more than Turner. Most of the time, though, the author's impersonation rings true enough. Nat Turner was not only literate but eloquent; he left a 20-page confession, which was published the year after his death. From this personal account, as well as from a thorough familiarity with the literature of slavery and with Virginia's Tidewater region, Styron re-creates the rebel's career.

Nat must have been what the book makes of him: a black man born in bondage, conscious of his chains, but spoiled by the sweet taste of humanity that some of his masters allowed. "I will say this, without which you cannot understand the central madness of nigger existence," he explains. "Beat a nigger, starve him, leave him wallowing, and he will be yours for life. Awe him by some unforeseen hint of philanthropy, tickle him with the idea of hope, and he will want to slice your throat."

Foretaste of Freedom. The idea of hope comes from a kindly farmer, Samuel Turner, whose surname Nat assumes. When the young slave steals a book, his master sees proof that Nat is no less a man than himself. An educational experiment begins, during which the pupil absorbs the rudiments of scholarship along with a bitter truth: "The preacher was right. He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Samuel Turner has plans to free his pet slave. The prospect appalls Nat: servitude and this loving master are all that he has known. Yet the foretaste of freedom, as Styron insists throughout the book, can only excite growing hunger. In one morning, in one glimpse of the possibilities of the future, Samuel Turner converts Nat forever into a human being burning to be free.

But the plans fail. The Tidewater land goes sterile and bankrupts Samuel Turner. He surrenders Nat to the custody of a Baptist minister—a caricature of ecclesiastical evil—who eventually sells him for \$466.

It is still nine years before Nat revolts, nine years in which to feed on the vengeful rantings of Old Testament prophets and to mature a "dishesel which verged close upon madness, then a sense of betrayal, then fury such as I had never known before, then, finally, hatred so bitter that I grew dizzy." The master is directed against Samuel Turner, the man who invited him to dream.

This is Nat Turner's message—and Styron's. His story flows relentlessly to its collision with horror. The conspirators hack off heads as if vengeance alone were the insurrection's aim. The defenders of slavery respond as bloodily: more than 200 Negroes, most of them innocent, die in reprisal. U.S. slavery's only true revolt vanishes into the darkness before the Civil War. "It just ain't a race made for revolution, that's all," says a court officer smugly.

Natural Arena. Styron calls *The Confessions of Nat Turner* not a historical novel but a "meditation on history." There are echoes in it of Melville's *Benito Cereno*, a tale of a Negro slave rebellion at sea. Like Melville, Styron is fascinated by the evil of slavery and its inevitable connection with violence and corruption. The novels of the Puritanical giants of the 19th century were propelled by the driving force of implacable fate; so is *Nat Turner*. But here Styron makes his own departure. In Melville, Hawthorne and Twain, there is always at least a memory of innocence. Not for Nat: for him there is no innocence, no redemption. From the corruptions of childhood, he acts out his damnation. His bloodbath is a black Mass; in Camus' words, he is "a saint without God."

Inevitably, Styron will be compared



WILLIAM STYRON
Attuned to the Tidewater.

to Faulkner. He lacks Faulkner's almost fatalistic sense that evil is part of the human condition; he also lacks his facility for creating a whole stageful of memorable characters. Styron's achievement is that his one towering figure dominates the entire book. But for both writers, the land is the natural arena for terror, and not since the lynching of Joe Christmas in Faulkner's *Light in August* has savagery been so harrowingly described. Nat's blood, like Joe's, is part of the American soil.

"They are not to lose it," wrote Faulkner about white men's memory of their own violence. "In whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever places and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring faces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes." Between disaster and hope, Nat Turner will find his way into the American consciousness.

Promise Fulfilled. William Styron, 42, left the South 20 years ago, but he goes home again in his books to stir

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old ashes. His first novel, *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), won for him that dubious badge, "promising." And so the book was an earnest and sometimes discerning attempt, in the Southern magnolia school of fiction, to deal with the failure of a marriage.

But like many a promising novelist, Styron was less successful with his next two books. *The Long March* recounted his experiences as a Marine in 1950, when a martinet ordered a 36-mile forced march for his officers and men. *Set This House on Fire* was a kind of *La Dolce Vita* American style, in which guilt and inadequacy stripped away the power of a creative genius.

Like Nat Turner, Styron grew up in the Tidewater country, and Turner's story preoccupied him long before he began work on the book. From the time he studied writing at Duke University, through tentative years as a part-time manuscript reader for a New York publisher, Styron kept turning back to Nat. "The melodramatic side attracted me first," he says, "which is why I waited. If I had written it as a younger man, it really would have been gothic."

All told, *Nat Turner* was five years in the writing. Styron worked in a small studio at his 13-acre estate in Roxbury, Conn., where he lives with his wife and four children. While the book was in progress, Negro Author James Baldwin paid him a five-month visit, and Styron acknowledges that "some of Jimmy's fiery, passionate intellect may have rubbed off on Nat."

Mighty Theme. Styron's passions seem to be confined largely to the printed page. The darker emotions—fury, despair, guilt—pour through all of his works, but Styron himself projects the reserved, slightly courtly manner of the storybook Virginian. It is a coincidence that his book should come on the heels of the summer riots. While Styron does not condone the violence, he views it through a chilling perspective sharpened by his five years with Nat Turner. The Negro extremist, says Styron, "is purifying himself by violence of a sense of his own abject self-ratedness."

In the undoubted success of *Nat Turner*, Styron feels that he has discharged an obligation. "Melville said that for a mighty book you must have a mighty theme. I hesitate to quote that because it sounds pretentious, but my theme was god-sent."

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THE PYRAMID by William Golding. 183 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

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present his characters almost as abstractions. *Lord of the Flies* was a laboratory demonstration of original sin taking place on a rather unreal island; *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin* dealt with a mid-Atlantic castaway who seems to choose life with pain over easy death, but is in fact already dead and in purgatory; *The Spire* set a drama of spirit and flesh in a remote time. *The Pyramid* represents no retreat from these tours de force, but Golding's command of fiction is now such that he can dress his tragedians in street clothes, put them on a topographically exact stage and fix the time in the present. This is a more interesting literary exploit.

Abortive Lives. Ostensibly, *The Pyramid* is a simple story told by a man named Oliver, who recounts his life at three stages. The base of this living pyramid is an English village near the Trollopean cathedral town of Barchester; the village is Stilbourne, appropriately named, since it encloses so many deformed and abortive lives.

To Oliver, Stilbourne is an awful shambles from which he must escape. He is the classic adolescent—ruthless, secretive and vulnerable; few better studies have been written of his condition. He wrestles with sacred and profane loves, one represented by Imogen, a local beauty and culture snob who is headed for a cathedral marriage, and the other by Evie, the town crier's pretty daughter, a "secular" sexpot with eyes like black plums. For Oliver, a chapel-going apothecary's son, marriage is unthinkable with either, even when he gets Evie pregnant (or so she lets him think). It sounds like an un-American tragedy; yet Golding's story is no glut Dreiserian dirge. Eros wears a comic mask.

Seen from the outside, through the eyes of Stilbourne's dim but eccentric characters, Oliver is just a bright boy with a small talent for music and a chance to rise on the "awful ladder" of the British class system by way of a science scholarship to Oxford. The boy views himself as others do—a moderate success. It is only in the later episodes that he comes to see himself as Novelist Golding sees him—a moral failure. Sadly, he recognizes that he is one of those who would like to pay anything for a chance to give life to himself and others, but that actually "he would never pay more than a reasonable price." It is not enough, for by then he is a successful career man in science (he made poison gas during World War II), and his real life lies stillborn behind him.

Nothing Is Simple. The people in Golding's work are not so much characters as beings. Somehow, they are elevated above their existence in the commonplace world into a region where nonpractical life is led; behind the plane surface lies another dimension. On the level of social comedy, Miss Dawlish, Oliver's music teacher, is a Margaret

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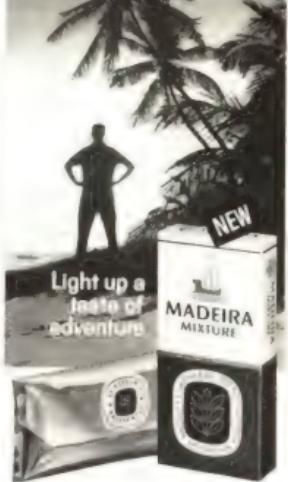
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WILLIAM GOLING
Up from the pyramid.

Rutherfordish figure of provincial fun, with her corduroy hat skewered to her bun, her tweeds, and her booming, snorting voice well suited to her nickname, "Bounce." But her devotion to music, for all the pathetic form it takes, is a genuine passion.

Bounce is funny enough when an infatuation for an unsightly garageman seizes her, or when she walks out into the street one day, mother-naked except for her gloves and absurd hat. She would seem to have disappeared from the story after they "take her away." Then comes one of Golding's effects: she is cured of her happy insanity and returned to Stilbourne, well and unhappy.

Years later, when the adult Oliver returns to visit her memorial tablet in Stilbourne church, he realizes that there was more truth in Bounce's silliness than in all his science. It is with guilt that he reads her epitaph, "Heaven is Music," and realizes that, unlike himself, she had denied nothing to life. "I was afraid of you," he thinks, "and so I hated you. It is as simple as that. When I heard you were dead I was glad."

Nothing in Golding is "as simple as that." It is unclear whether he is insisting that Oliver has denied his true vocation—music. But it is powerfully clear that Oliver has failed by withholding love from his girl, his parents and, as he seems to have no friends, from humanity at large. Had he not constricted his emotions, he would probably never have made it out of Stilbourne. As it is, like Julien Sorel in *The Red and the Black*, he has "gon on." And with infinite skill, Golding has counted the cost.

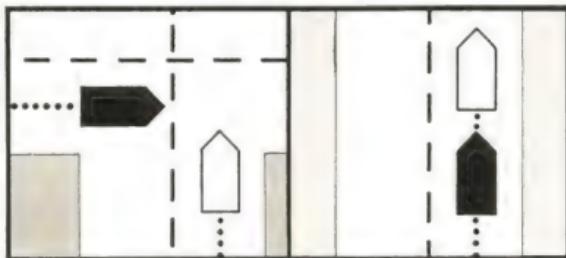
William Golding is that paradoxical individual—a prophet who points toward the past. He sees man's future sketched out by his inheritance from innumerable savage ancestors. A gentle,



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bearded, schoolmasterly figure who lives with his wife in the village of Bowral in southern England. Golding, 56, is shy and reticent to the point of secretiveness, but has occasionally written about himself. In *The Hot Gates*, a collection of his nonfiction pieces, he tells how as a boy he dreamed of becoming not Prime Minister, explorer or engine driver, but apprentice to the curator of mummies in the Egyptian rooms of the British Museum.

The boy, much possessed with death, persisted in the man. After Oxford, he taught Greek at Bishop Wordsworth's school near Salisbury, and it would be anybody's guess whether his mind was more at ease with the cathedral or with nearby Stonehenge. In World War II, he grew his Royal Navy officer-type beard and received confirmation of his bleak view of man. After a slim volume of didactic poetry, he wrote *Lord of the Flies*. It was out of print when it was discovered by American college youth, who sent paperback sales to 2,000,000 and emancipated Golding from any more schoolmastering.

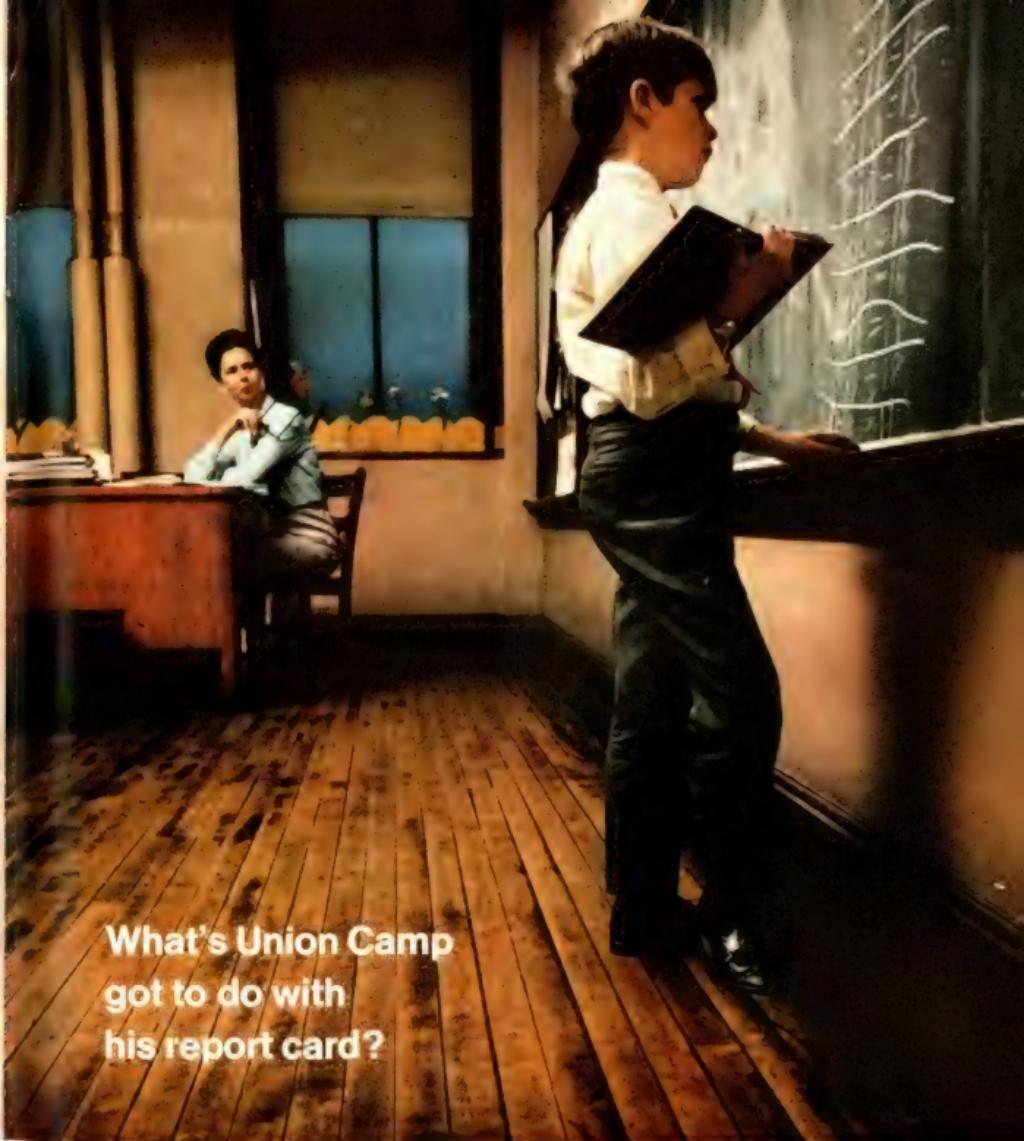
He returned the favor by emancipating U.S. youth from the life view of that other campus Pied Piper, J. D. Salinger. Salinger and Golding have enjoyed almost prophetic status with the young, and the young have been right to elevate these two against trend spotters and opinion makers. Each gave fictional form to contrary views of life—Salinger maintaining that youth, innocence and grace are corrupted by the cruel conventions of a corrupt society, and Golding demonstrating in fable after fable that man's heart inherits the evil of his ancestry. Wrote Golding in an essay: "Man produces evil as a bee produces honey."

Golding's view of original sin as an anthropological fact is one that modern man would like to reject but that five dreadful decades of history have forced back into the forefront of the mind. He thus spells out the vision of man which informs all his fiction: "We stand among the flotsam, the odd shoes and tins, hot-water bottles and skulls of sheep or deer. We know nothing. We stand where any upright food-gatherer has stood, on the edge of our own unconscious, and hope, perhaps, for the terror and excitement of the print of a single foot."

Short Notices

CHRISTY by Catherine Marshall 496 pages McGraw-Hill \$6.95

"Hain't it true, Teacher," asks the pupil, "that if God loves ever'body, then we'ms got to love ever'body too?" Christy Huddleston, the new 19-year-old mission schoolmarm, can handle that question easily, but God and the reader have their task cut out for them in this relentlessly uplifting honeypot. A first novel by the author of *A Man Called Peter*, this book tells of the Carter Gap mountain mission in East Tennessee back in 1912: isolated mount-



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We also make his composition books. His notepaper. The folding cartons for his chalk and crayons.

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Our lunch bags carry his sandwiches. And he tosses away the trash in our disposable-bag refuse container.

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Are we ever glad we did our homework.

Union Camp

Why your second martini never tastes as good as your first.



After you are finished with a martini, it isn't always finished with you.

The favorites in it can have nasty habit of hanging around on your tongue.

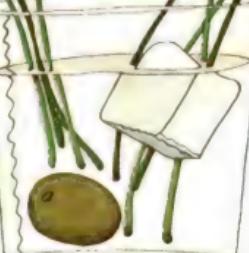
There perhaps to blossom and grow into a flowery aftertaste.

With a mouthful of flowers from your first martini, your next martini may not taste quite so fresh or crisp or clean.

Obviously, to get a better second martini, you must begin by plucking the flowers from the first.

Which means using a flowerless gin.

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And that's all any martini drinker really has to know.

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Whatever happened to Sam Simultaneous?



Remember? He was the kid who did his homework while reading comics, eating cupcakes and listening to *The Green Hornet* on the radio.

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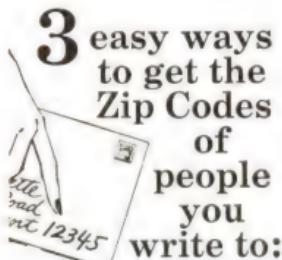


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Louisville, Kentucky

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- 3 Local Zips can be found on the Zip Map in the business pages of your phone book.

tineers, moonshine, feuds, babies. Author Marshall concentrates laboriously on three priggish mission staffers: the dewy-eyed Christy, a saintly Quaker lady, and a bombastic young preacher. The women are courageous and silent sufferers, the men are boys, the children are rough little angels. To paraphrase one mountain woman, the book "sort of wears the bright off the day."

BABYHIP by Patricia Welles. 256 pages Dutton \$4.95

Babyhip is Sarah Green, who at 16 is no longer a teeny-bopper, not yet a hippie. She is in love with her looks, but her charm is all in her speech. Though she cringes when her middle-class Jewish family calls her *mishegash* (crazy woman), she showers ludicrous language on parents, teachers, guidance counselors, lovers and lechers. The most feared experience she can anticipate is sex, for which she concocts a rather repulsive name: "making piggies." By book's end, she has made piggies defiantly from Detroit to Cambridge, Mass., and is looking forward to the Big Scene in Tompkins Square.

Patricia Welles is the pen name of Marjorie Morningstar—well, not quite, but almost. It disguises Patricia Kanterman of Detroit, who, divorced and 33, seems far removed from the hippie scene. Her leading character undoubtedly was an adolescent in the '50s who thought that the *Tennessee Waltz* was George and swooned over Johnnie Ray before the author updated her hang-ups to the '60s. Nothing *mishegash* about that: Babyhip has already earned \$100,000 in movie and paperback deals.

THE SIX DAY WAR by Randolph S. Churchill and Winston S. Churchill. 250 pages Houghton Mifflin \$3.95

What a pair of bylines! But this account of last summer's Arab-Israeli war by Sir Winston Churchill's son and grandson only exposes the soft underbelly of the publishing world. A tedious example of quickie book-journalism, the book retells Jewish and Arab history from the Diaspora to 1967. Next, lengthy quotes from diplomatic and press dispatches trace the immediate prewar events at yawning length. The narrative of the war itself relies heavily on the turgid reports of field commanders, completely misses the sense of speed and surprise that made the Israeli victory possible, and even manages to make Moshe Dayan sound dull.

If Randolph had applied half the verve to this job that he devoted to his exemplary biography of his father, the book might have proved readable. As for young Winston, 27, he ought to recall that at his age, his grandfather already was a war correspondent who roused the Empire with his dispatches from the Boer War. "Don't you know that I put more than brandy into my speeches?" Winny once growled to Randolph. He also put more than padding into his books.

TIME CAPSULE 1923

TIME CAPSULES

A great new camera takes the guesswork out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magical mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make your look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do... because it has a wealth of professional know-how *built right in*. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can trip a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$249.50 with 55mm f/1.8 lens, or \$289.50 with optional 50mm f/1.4 lens. It is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why he's so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, costs \$249.50 as shown here with superb 55mm f/1.8 lens.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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